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Pro-Slavery.

From the Columbus (Miss.) Democrat.

THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY, AS IT EXISTS AMONG US.

DOCTOR ESTES' PROPOSED WORK.

The institution of Slavery in the Southern States has been a fruitful topic of discussion in our country and in England during the last twelve or fifteen years. It has called forth more bitter denunciation, more angry feeling, more blind, unchristian fanaticism, than has perhaps ever disturbed Christendom since the days of the crusades. It has entered into our political struggles—it has, to some extent, divided the different churches, and created a most embittered feeling between the Northern and Southern portions of our Union. The Abolitionists of the North have taken as their fundamental principle, and have perverted to their unhallowed and hellish purposes, the maxim laid down in our Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created free and equal." Driven from that position by the clear compromise of our federal Constitution, they have declared that the Union itself must be destroyed or slavery abolished. Finding that the Bible did not sustain their views, but clearly sanctioned the institution of Slavery, as it exists among us, some of them have even attacked that citadel of Christianity, and boldly asserted that it too must fall, if it stands as a pillar to support the slaveholder.

The South has had this species of property forced upon them, in a measure, and mainly too by the ancestors of the present Northern and English Abolitionists. In vain did our colonial Legislatures protest, again and again, against the introduction of slaves within their borders. As long as it was a rich source of traffic to Old and New England, they extensively and successively prosecuted it. Now, that it has been denounced, and proscribed, and anathematized by all Christendom, and that source of wealth to them dried up, they have discovered that the institution of Slavery, to which their cupidity gave birth, is a monstrous evil, and must be put down at all hazards, and they have been for some years carrying a *quasi* crusade against us, (they have seldom dared to enter our borders,) in order to stir up our slaves to rebellion, and force their emancipation.

In these remarks, we, of course, only allude to the Abolitionists. The great body of our Northern brethren, we feel sure, are sound upon the subject. They know and admit that they have no right to interfere with our property or our State institutions. But they are opposed to Slavery in the abstract, and consider it an evil. In this, the people of the South have heretofore generally agreed with them. Even Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were of that opinion. But, (and we may perhaps thank the Abolitionists for this,) a great change is beginning to come over their opinions upon the subject. We are beginning to think that the institution of Slavery, as it exists among us, is not only no evil, political, moral, or religious, but our soil, our productions, our climate considered, is one of the most beneficial dispensations of Providence to our highly favored land, and not only to us, but to every people who buy from or sell to us—that, in fact, although a narrow, contracted mind, filled with a sickly sentimentalism and mistaken philanthropy, may look upon it as a "partial evil," it is, in reality, a "universal good"—a good for the master as well as the slave, for our own country as well as for others. We have been forced, it may have been from "low self-interest," or from actual self-preservation, to change our opinions upon the subject—to look at it in its true light, in all its actual bearings and influences on society, and not as it has been dressed up by a Wilberforce, a Tappan, a Garrison, or a Birney, who know practically nothing about it. And this is the conclusion we are all fast coming to.

Many of the strongest intellects of the South have recently been engaged in the discussion of the subject of domestic Slavery, as it exists among us, and have shed a flood of light upon it, which has completely dissipated the false arguments and falser statements of the pseudo English philanthropist, and the fanatic Abolitionists of the North. Our townsman, Dr. M. Estes, has now ready for the press, a work on Slavery which, from the specimens we have seen of it, we have no hesitation in saying will prove to be one of the fullest, most interesting and satisfactory that has yet appeared upon the subject. It was the reading an extract from his work, and prospectus of his which we published two weeks ago, that led us to pen this article. The Doctor has thought long and intently upon the subject—he has indeed made it his study for years, and brings to it the matured reflections of a strong, discriminating mind. We know of no one who is better qualified to investigate and explain, to expound and defend the operations of our "peculiar institutions." We are highly pleased to see that the Doctor's proposed work, has been very favorably noticed in various quarters, and that he is getting hosts of subscribers. God speed him in the good work! The South will owe him a debt of gratitude, and even the North will have just cause to thank him for enlightening them upon a subject about which they say so much and know so little.

We are requested by Dr. Estes to state that Mr. H. Dunham, of Mobile, is his agent, in getting subscribers for his work on Slavery.

From the Boston Daily Star.

THE DECEITS OF PHILANTHROPISTS.

The world may have two eyes, but it rarely employs more than the half of one. Everything is looked at through a false light—even when the truth lies scarce beyond the tip of the world's nose. In religion it is so—for the greatest noise is made about the least matters; while the really important ones are scarce thought of. Much, for example, is preached about love; but love no more abounds for that.—Peace and meekness are sermonized over—but quarrels and haughty pride pervade the religious world. Charity, tender and sweet, has many good things said for it—and but very little done. Talk is all—action is not attempted.

And so, also, in the philanthropic world. What an uproar is heard, constantly, about Texas, and Slavery, and the oppressions of the poor, and like topics. Societies, and meetings, fairs, collections, speeches, newspapers, come whirling around us, running the mind distracted with the confusion—and all at last is the merest fume and fussy emptiness that can be conceived. Real good is not thought of. It is *theoretical* excellence for which these philanthropists are so ravenously hungry.

Look at the anti-slavery philanthropists. What they want is all well enough—no one doubts that—but how do these vast resources of money, this expenditure of talent, this row of excitement and agitation, compare in their direction with the obligations of practical philanthropy, of a high and real duty? Look down, far down, very deep into the shadowy wretchedness of the poverty-stricken in this city, in every community—and there is the answer. The thin cheek, the anxious eye, the suffering soul, of the poor widow, in her miserable hovel, with her little children around her, all dying slowly from want, are not thought of by these philanthropists. The heavy slavery of want, of toil, of human misery in its worst form, which comes upon the frail and weak, wins no commiseration, no sympathy, no aid. And then the crime, that load of staining sin which despair takes upon its soul, not willingly, but to save life—where are the hands to save from this, where the timely aid that might rescue and raise? They are not heard or seen in those great meetings, those loud speeches, those busy newspapers; nor does any portion of the thousands raised with philanthropic pretence, ever find its way to this great, practical, terrible slavery in our midst. If we are to be philanthropists; if we would do good and charitable deeds; give us meetings, speeches, presses, money, for the enslaved of our own community—and not for the distant and less really suffering.

The same is true of England. It requires no effort to draw the spirit of excitement to its keenest tension, upon the subject of American Slavery—while all around them are slaves, brutalized in body and mind, and infinitely worse, in reality, than any other possible bondage. But society sleeps sweetly in the midst of groans from its own children. It wakes only when the cries of distant sufferers is heard—and that is human nature. Man always loves better to look after the affairs of others, than his own. He is meddlesome, not dutiful—and his philanthropy is only a more serious kind of gossip, and tittle-tattle.

As an illustration, we take from a letter in a London paper, written by some "commissioner," in Ireland, the following extract:

I have written to you in former letters much about miserable hovels in other parts of Ireland; they are more than equalled in Kerry. I have described the half-naked and potato-fed people I have met with elsewhere. Here their nakedness is not less, and they know no other food. In filthiness, and squalidness, and squalid poverty, starving on a rood of land, with miles of waste land around him, which the application of knowledge and industry would make teem with plenty, the poor Kerryman exists in contented wretchedness. Neglected by his landlord, he knows nothing beyond the growing of potatoes; oppressed by the hard-fisted middleman, who lives by squeezing another rent out of his industry, he is steeped in hopeless poverty; cheated and robbed by the bailiffs and drivers, who extort from him his last sixpence for rent, and their fees, and pounced upon by the middleman for an increased rent, if he improves an acre of land, he learns cheating and extortion from his betters, and practices both on the wretched being who labors on his farm. In a hovel, like a pigstye, in which it is impossible to stand upright, without chimney, and without window, with but one room, an iron pot, and a rude bedstead, with some straw litter, as the only furniture, bed, or bedclothes, the laborer, in the midst of half a dozen nearly naked children, with his barefooted wife, sits squatted on the mud floor round the peat fire. A garden plot of potatoes are their whole subsistence, and for this patch of land, and the hovel which shelters him and his family, his labor is sold to some farmer, who lets him his land for a year.

That description is luxury itself, compared with the stories told of the poor creatures in the English mines—but it is enough to show how deceptive is that labor of philanthropy, which sees, with microscopic eye, the condition of the suffering, three thousand miles off, but cannot discover the want, which they might relieve, at their very doors. Now, men may persuade themselves that they are doing a very godly and noble work, to keep themselves and as many more as possible, in hot water, about distant evils, which they cannot remove; but, who are dead to those cries of suffering humanity, which are heard all around them. But until their labors assume a more practical and consistent form; until they make more practical and less theoretical use of their benevolence, we shall consider them as deceiving—being themselves, also, wofully deceived.

"The Peculiar Institution."

From the True Wesleyan.

FROM THE SOUTH—A SLAVE SHOT.

DEAR BROTHER LEE:—The following is an extract from a letter which I have just received from one of my correspondents in the South, with whom I am well acquainted:

"I hired out two of my negroes to Mr.——; and he attempted to whip one of them about two weeks since. The negro ran—Mr. —— took his gun and shot him; did not KILL HIM, but lodged between twenty and thirty shots in him. The doctor informs me that there is a possibility of his getting well. I have been very much alarmed, fearing lest I should lose my property."

Need I inform you that both of the persons, the owner of the negro and the employer, are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is so! This is true, to my personal knowledge, or they were members in 1841. I leave the reader to make such inferences as he may think proper.

The above, however, is quite moderate to many cases I am acquainted with myself in the same section of the country. In the same region where this correspondent lives, there is a man living by the name of B. who was an overseer of one Gen. C.'s plantation previous to the Florida war. This Mr. B. informed me that during the period of four years that he had charge of the above plantation, "he had killed six of the negroes, and on two occasions he had cut the heads off from two, and stuck them upon poles in the plantation to intimidate the rest." I have seen this same man, who by the bye is a member of the church, take a perforated paddle, and apply it to his own negroes until the blood and flesh would run profusely through the holes.

The cold-blooded murders that take place on the large plantations are indescribable, and I should not wonder that in the Day of Judgment it will be found that more cruel tragedies have transpired within the departments of American Slavery, than in any system of bloodshed that ever disgraced the history of the world. I could give you quite a list of different circumstances, which I have withheld from publication for two considerations: 1st, the public have so many similar facts; and 2d, the incredibility of such barbarous sacrifices of human life and shedding of blood.

Yours, &c.
WILLIAM H. HOUCK.

[Brother Houck must excuse us for omitting the last part of the above article, as the writing was so illegible as to make it unreasonable to ask any printer to set it up.—ED.]

From the Same.

A HARD CASE—SLAVERY.

BROTHER LEE:—Much has been said and written against the sum of all villanies, American Slavery; enough indeed to convince the world that it is wholly wrong, yet the world does not appear to be convinced; therefore we must continue to speak and write. In view of these facts, if you think the following would in any degree aid in the cause of humanity, you will please give it a place in the Wesleyan.

There is a colored man living within the bounds of my field of labor, (Leesburgh District,) who, according to his free papers, is one hundred and fourteen years old; he was a slave until he was seventy years old, at which time he was bought by his present wife's father for four hundred dollars. During his stay in Slavery he was the subject of very cruel treatment, he was often severely flogged, the truth of which his back fully exhibits, it being perfectly callous and white, from his neck to his heels. During his abode in Slavery he was also the husband of four wives, one of whom was sold with her children to the far South, no more to be embraced by their husband and father; another died in childbed from exposure, her only accommodation being a little straw on the ground in a cold hut: another was whipped in the afternoon, and in the night was delivered of a child, and next morning died with her child also, they were shrouded with some kind of clothes, a hole was dug in the earth, and mother and child were thrown in together, and covered up with as little ceremony as if they had been hogs. The fourth one was a free woman, when he married her. She still lives with him, enjoying some of the blessings of liberty in the State of *Ohio*. The above is in part the history of one of the wretched sons of Africa, but can fancy paint, or language describe the scenes of suffering he had to endure in the lapse of seventy years of cruel bondage. Ah no, it cannot be told. But will not God visit for these things, will not his soul be avenged on the nation that does such things? Yes, the judgments of Almighty God, will fall upon the perpetrators of such hellish deeds.

The man alluded to above, relates the following. He being what is generally termed a house servant, had frequently to prepare milk toddy or egg-nogg, for whipping occasions; one morning he was ordered to prepare some drink, and to bring it, with a stand, and necessary vessels, to the shade of a large oak. He did as he was bid, and found in the shade his master and another slave-owner; soon one of the plantation slaves was called by the master, and soon made his appearance near the place of blood, but when he saw the company, the drink, and other things, his heart failed, and he retreated, and sought refuge in a pond of water that was hard by. But alas, he was pursued by the demons in human shape, who commanded him to surrender and come forth. He refused; a musket was sent for and brought. He was then told that he would be called three times, and if he did not come forth he would be shot down; he was called once, twice, three times, he refused to yield, his master raised his musket, took deliberate aim and fired; the poor slave bounded up, fell back, and sunk to rise no more. Blood, blood, blood, crieth to God from the pond, for the poor slave's blood mixed with the water and turned it a crimson color for several yards around.

N. SELBY.

CAMBRIDGE, Ohio, February 27th, 1846.

Selections.

Reported for the Southport American.

THE TRIAL OF REV. R. B. DEMING, ON THE 13th AND 14th OF MARCH, 1846.

Trial opened in the Methodist Chapel, Southport, at 10 o'clock, A. M. March 13th. Rev. W. Oliver, preacher in charge, moderator, and local Elders, Daniel Slawson, H. H. Davis, and James Ozanes, Committee for investigating the charges preferred against the accused by Sherman Stebbins.

On the charge of "*unchristian conduct*," embracing the following specifications, to wit:

Specification 1st.—In so conducting himself for the last four or five months as to injure the peace and prosperity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Southport, by absenting himself from meeting.

Specification 2d.—By attending meetings held for the purpose of defaming said church, and assisting in them.

Accused moved their dismissal for want of jurisdiction in this court under the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Motion argued and sustained by the Chair. Accused then *volunteered* to be tried on the 2d specification, and plead *not guilty* to the same.

IMMORAL CONDUCT.

2. *Specification 2d.*—In abetting and encouraging a slanderous report in reference to the Methodist Episcopal Church, viz: that she was *pro-slavery*. This he did at a meeting held in the White House, in Southport, on or about the 19th of January, knowing at the same time that the object of said meeting was to prove said church pro-slavery—and at the same time contended, in some remarks which he made, that said church *was* pro-slavery.

Accused admitted the charge as to attending said meeting, and calling the said church *pro-slavery*, but denied the slander.

Specification 3d.—In slandering the Rock River Conference, in saying that said Conference had sent the Southport station a slaveholding minister in the person of James Mitchell.

Accused admitted the statement, and denied the slander, pleading the truth of it in justification.

Specification 4th.—In slandering the character of said Mitchell, in saying that he was a slaveholder, and that he would seldom permit his slaves to attend church on the Sabbath; that he, Deming, had conversed with him on the subject, and he did not deny it.

To the first clause of this specification the accused made the same plea as last above: to the remainder of said specification, plead *not guilty*.

Specification 5th.—In further slandering him by saying, that said Mitchell entered the pulpit with a DEED of slaves in his pocket.

To this the accused plead *not guilty*. The accused, after pleading, made an objection to the jurisdiction of the court to try any of the charges, offering, however, to be voluntarily tried: objection overruled by the chairman.

Testimony on the part of the prosecution.

Nelson Stebbins called. Was present at the White School House, 19th of January. C. Clement proposed the meeting. Documents were read, that went to prove that the Methodist Episcopal Church was a pro-slavery church. After the reading of these documents, Mr. Deming arose and made some remarks, which went to corroborate what had already been read—excluding, I believe, the New England Conferences. The documents read were taken from the Wesleyan Journal. I was at the meeting on Sabbath evening before, at the Methodist Episcopal Church. The minister spoke, and gave his opinion of the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Waldo arose, and said he was sorry that the meeting had not heard the truth, or something to that effect. Some individual proposed having a meeting at another time. C. Clement spoke, and called a meeting at the White School House. I think the call of the meeting at the White School House was directly after Mr. Walso spoke, and if I recollect right, it was to investigate whether Mr. Oliver's exposition of the Discipline was correct or not. There were no remarks made by Mr. Deming at the meeting at the School House reflecting upon the minister in charge, but there were some remarks to that effect, from another individual, and I was sorry to hear them. I believe Mr. Deming was at the meeting at the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Sunday evening before.

J. W. Pike called. I was at the Methodist Episcopal Church when Brother Oliver gave his views of the Discipline, in reference to its connection with Slavery. After he had made his remarks, Mr. Durkee arose, and asked Brother Oliver some few questions. Mr. Waldo then, I think, arose and made a few remarks, and Mr. Oliver answered him. Mr. Waldo then arose the second time, and said he was sorry that the community (or meeting) had not heard the truth. Mr. Clement then arose and said, we will have the other side of the question to-morrow night, at the White School House. The meeting assembled Monday evening, according to appointment; meeting was called to order, Mr. Durkee appointed chairman. Mr. Waldo then arose, and read a piece out of the "True Wesleyan," stating how many times the Methodist Episcopal Discipline had been changed. Mr. Deming then arose, and made some remarks upon what had been read from the papers. I can't state exactly what he did say. I thought what Brother Deming said went to sustain the arguments that Mr. Waldo had read. Something was said by Mr. Clement which Mr. Deming arose and reproved him for. The meeting at the church was a regular one, appointed by the Pastor. The motion to hold a meeting at the school house, created considerable disturbance in the congregation. [Here Mr. Deming admitted, that he was at the Methodist Church, on Sabbath evening, sitting on the steps of the altar in profound quiet.]

Cross-examined. The notice to meet at the school house was made before the benediction was pronounced. I heard Brother Deming say nothing at the school house disrespectful, only the number of times the Discipline had been changed. I left the meeting at the church before it was dismissed.

Nelson Stebbins re-called. Mr. Deming's language and manner were respectful. No one called Mr. Clement to order directly,—some one disapproved of his remarks.

DEFENCE CONDENSED.

R. B. Waldo.—Was at the meeting on Sabbath evening. Heard Mr. Oliver's explanation of the Discipline on Slavery. I thought it was a one-sided view. When Mr. Oliver had got through, I inquired of him whether the Discipline had ever been altered on the subject of Slavery from the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the present time. Mr. Oliver replied that he believed that the word "or" had been stricken out in the general rule on Slavery, and the word "and" inserted, and that had been the only alteration. I then replied to him, that by the appearance of this intelligent audience they wished the truth in relation to this subject, and that I could *prove* that the Discipline had been altered *eleven times* in relation to this subject, and every time in favor of Slavery, and against Liberty. Mr. Oliver then remarked to me, that he presumed I could have the audience at some future period. I think Mr. Clement gave the notice *after* the benediction was given. The notice was given after the statement from the desk, that "he presumed the Doctor could have the audience."

I knew of no disturbance at the church except such as naturally arose from the conversation between Brother Oliver and myself. I believe the meeting was appointed at the school house to give me an opportunity to prove the truth of my assertions. At the school house, on the next evening, I brought forward statistics of the Church, gathered from their own authorities, giving date and page, confirming what I had stated. After I sat down, Mr. Deming made a few remarks, and stated that when facts came in a plain, honest, unvarnished manner, he could not but acknowledge them. He observed that all the evangelical churches in the land were more or less *pro-slavery*. His manner of expression was very mild, indeed, and his statements given in a very mild, Christian-like manner. When a motion was made to have another meeting to investigate farther the pro-slavery character of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. Deming remarked that he thought that as this church has been the subject of investigation this evening, the inquiries ought to embrace other churches. Two other meetings were subsequently held for that purpose; the last one being at the Presbyterian Church, at which the Rev. Mr. Lothrop, of the Baptist Church, and the Rev. Mr. Hart, of the Presbyterian Church, were the speakers. During the time I was reading the history of the Discipline and the doings of the General Conference, the prosecutor, Mr. Stebbins, made occasional remarks *contradicting*, and saying they were *Wesleyan lies, from a Wesleyan paper;* and appeared much excited. The meeting was opened by a very appropriate prayer by Mr. Deming. Charles Durkee was chairman. There were fifteen or twenty members of the Methodist Episcopal Church present. The complainant frequently interrupted the speakers, saying, "that's a lie," or words to that effect. Mr. Clement spoke in direct reference to remarks made the evening before, by Brother Oliver, that whoever called the church *pro-slavery*, was to be marked as a *slanderer*.

Mr. Hollington.—Was at the White School House on the evening alluded to, heard what was said; fully concur in the statement as given by Doctor Waldo.

Mr. H. C. Train.—Was present at both meetings; I agree with the statements already made.

E. G. Ayer.—Was present at the school house, agree with the statement of Doctor Waldo—Mr. Deming's language and manner were very respectful.

The complainant here proposed to withdraw the 2d, 3d, and 4th specifications under the general charge of immorality; accused objected, and claimed the right of proving the fact in reference to Mr. Mitchell in justification of himself. Chairman decided he was entitled to that right.

Rev. H. V. Train was then called—Witness proceeded to say—I was present and heard Brother Deming broach the subject to Brother Mitchell in the Methodist Episcopal Church *immediately after the service*, when Mitchell was pastor here. The conversation turned upon what a Rev. Mr. Matthews had said in this house on the subject of Mr. Mitchell's slaveholding. Brother Deming informed Mr. M. what he had heard at a convention at Prairieville, charging Mr. Mitchell as being connected with Slavery, and stated to Mr. M. he ought to make a public exposition, and defend himself. Brother Deming stated he had tried to defend Mr. Mitchell at the Convention—and in so doing he met with statements that connected him, Mitchell, with the *Deed, his name being with his wife's name in the Deed of these two slaves*—Elder Mitchell manifested some surprise, and said he thought his name could not be to the Deed—but added, *he had the deed in his pocket*, and at the same time put his hand upon the skirts of his coat—Mr. Mitchell preached in the altar of the church that afternoon, and from the desk the next day—he stated that he had sent the slaves back, and thought he had done right. I afterwards heard Mr. M. make some statement, in open conference, at Peoria, (Ill.) last September, relative to his disposition of the slaves. He stated at conference that *he* and his wife had emancipated them, and sent the deed of emancipation South, either to his father-in-law, from whom they had the slaves, or to his agent at St. Louis.

Rev. William Peck—stated he had a conversation with Mr. Mitchell in reference to the charge Mr. Matthews brought against him as a *kidnapper*—I told him, Brother D. and myself had tried to defend him. He wished to know how Matthews proved him a kidnapper. I informed him, Mr. Matthews *stated he had taken two free persons of color from this Territory, where the laws made all free, and consigned them to perpetual bondage*. He answered after a long explanation of the whys and wherefores of his holding them, that he did not consign them to Slavery. That his father-in-law paid their fare, and ordered him to send them back.

Here Mr. Deming introduced a letter from the Rev. J. Cross, of Lamoile, (Ill.) to Jacob Lybrand, Esq. of Racine—in which Mr. Cross states as follows:

"Mr. James Mitchell stated to me that about the time, or shortly after his marriage to Letitia Burwell, her father, J. Burwell, of Virginia, proposed to him to remain in Virginia, and receive from him a plantation and slaves, which proposition Mitchell rejected. That subsequently Burwell conveyed by deed of gift two female slaves to be held by her, and to descend as *property* to the heirs of the body of said Letitia. That he brought the girls to Platteville, Wisconsin Territory—and subsequently sent them, one at a time, to John Gay, St. Louis, since which he *had heard nothing from them*, though, if I recollect right, some two years had elapsed since the last was thus disposed of. He exhibited the deed of gift, in which I found a proviso, that should the said Letitia Mitchell die without heirs of her body, then the *said slaves shall descend to the said James Mitchell and his heirs*. Said Deed was signed by J. Burwell; *James Mitchell*, and Letitia Mitchell, *as parties* to the contract. Thus the position occupied by J. M. was shown by his own hand to be *voluntary*. Mr. Isaac Bancroft, member of the Presbyterian Church, Platteville, says he lived with James Mitchell one and a half years and knew the colored girls to have been used hardly—that they frequently (or usually) had to sleep on the floor or hearth with nothing except some old garments to put under them or cover them, and that they never went to school, or Sunday school, nor meeting, unless to take care of the child for Mrs. Mitchell.

"(Signed,) Yours, for the oppressed,
J. CROSS."

R. B. Waldo was again called—and stated, when Mr. Mitchell came to this station, some four years ago, I took him into my family to board, and he and his family remained a week. He then related to me the circumstance of his having *two slaves;* that he had them with him ever since he had been in the Territory. Mr. M. complained he could not get hired help. I inquired why he had not brought the best slave with him. His reply was, he *did not dare bring them this side of the Territory. He said it would not do to bring slaves here while he was a Preacher.* I inquired why he did not give them their liberty when they were in the Territory? He replied he did not feel at liberty to do so as they were deeded to his wife, and neither did he *feel able* to do so. *They* wanted the avails of their labor in some form to help support his family. I talked with him after his removal to Milwaukee, at his house. Mr. M. took me into another room and told me his wife's feelings, as she had been to hear Mr. Codding's lecture on Slavery. That a local preacher at St. Louis had said to his agent there that he would give Mr. M. five hundred dollars, I think was the sum, and educate them some three or five years, and then give them their freedom—that the agent wished for instructions, and Mrs. M. thought it was not enough, says, "we can't afford it"—Mr. M. stated he had replied to his wife, we will do as you think best—but stated his wife had been to hear the lectures, and felt bad to think they had not sold them so that they could have been set at liberty.

Samuel Hale, Esq.—Mr. M. informed me he had brought the two girls to this Territory—*had sent them back, and was not sorry for it.* I did not understand that he had no control over them. I think I had it from him that in case of Mrs. M's. decease without issue, they were to descend to him and his heirs. That it remained in his *own breast*, to send them back or not. I was at the school-house on the 19th January—heard Mr. Deming's remarks. Mr. D. said, the great religious bodies were all more or less implicated;—acknowledged they were more or less pro-slavery; I heard Mr. Stebbins say two or three times *that's a lie.* I saw his mouth and heard the words—I am sure of it—I think it was this irritating remark that caused Clement to say what he did. Stebbins also spoke out at the meeting subsequently held at the Congregationalist meeting-house. I have known Mr. Deming nearly ten years; some years our houses were not more than four rods apart. I have uniformly found him an unusually quiet man. He will almost any time sacrifice his own rights for the sake of peace.

W. Chandler's statement, of Prairieville read. "I heard Mr. Mitchell state in the Methodist Church at Prairieville, about a year ago, that *his wife* had received a certain sum of money as the proceeds of the labor of the girls sent back to Slavery; that money had been received but once, and that so far as dollars and cents were concerned, he did not care a snap of his fingers what became of the girls."

There was a variety of other testimony corroborating the above statements.

The accused here proceeded to read for some three hours documents supporting his plea of justification that the Methodist Episcopal Church *was pro-slavery*.

The counsel on the part of the complainant, C. Marsh, Esq. then addressed the Board in remarks of some length in support of the complainant.

After which, J. B. Jillson, Esq. counsel for the accused, addressed the Board in a speech of two hours length, followed by the accused in a speech of nearly an hour deeply affecting and appropriate to the occasion.

The Board adjourned for one hour, stating that they would then meet and give their decision.

At the time appointed, the Board gave in their verdict of *acquittal* upon all the charges.

The trial took place in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Southport, and lasted two days. Owing to the high standing of the accused, who was one of the first settlers of the village, and of twenty-six years of unimpeached standing in the Church, and having many warm personal friends, the charges preferred had created quite an excitement, and the house was well filled during the trial, and the interest continued to the last. The righteous verdict that was given, meets the hearty approbation of all lovers of truth, and will redound to the advancement of the cause of Human Rights.

DIGNIFIED LEGISLATION.

We give below, as a specimen of the dignity of the Congress of the United States, the speech of Mr. McConnell, of Alabama. The bill before the House was one to raise a regiment of mounted riflemen, and establish military posts on the route to Oregon. An amendment had been made that none but Americans by birth should compose the regiment. The Herald reports Mr. McConnell as saying:

Mr. Chairman, it is not my purpose to make a speech, for that is out of my line of business. But I am interested in the question before the House; and if nobody has common sense enough to anticipate what I am going to say, I will appropriate my remarks to my own individual use. (A voice—"Go it.") I am opposed to the bill *toto cælo*, and most particularly, emphatically, and dogmatically, to the amendment of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Levin.) From my own natural conceptions, and the uninterrupted current of my own reflections, I will not countenance any such proposition, nor beget occasion for it, particularly through the foul hands of native Americanism, which is recreant to every principle maintained by our revolutionary sires on the battle-field, and who achieved our liberty and independence, and formed the Constitution, which affords protection to the confederate States of North America. I want no bastard, nor any proposition which will prevent us from enlisting those who are legitimately citizens. And this brings me down to the focal point—the naturalization laws, passed under the Constitution, which was ratified and confirmed by the States. (Laughter.) As to foreigners, the name of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Levin,) should be a rebuke to him. The gentleman's original name was Levy, but had been altered, and he was descended from the Jews, who crucified the Saviour. (Laughter.) His mother was a Huguenot, and I say this with all respect. I do not wish to be personal, but personally I do say it, and vouch for it. But I come back to the original proposition. I want my own ancestors to be vindicated. I thank God, and am glad he spares me to thank him, whether he eternally saves me or not, that I am an Irishman, in truth, as far as blood is concerned. I see around me Frenchmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Americans, and Jews. (Much merriment.) And as God is my judge, they are none the better or worse for their native country. Are we to go back and destroy the legislation of sixty years past, for the purpose of gratifying a little faction, and make our Constitution conform to their crude, crooked, and peculiar views? If so, this is an open question, and debateable. (Laughter.) I said when I first got up, I was opposed to the bill. I am one of the illustrious nine who voted for the proposition of Mr. Ramsay, of Pennsylvania, with my friend—no, the member from Ohio, (Mr. Giddings,)—for the whole of Oregon, or none. Yes, nine—all told. (Laughter.)—Acting under the Constitution, I would go for 54 40; and if 164 89, I would take all to the Russian Line. I would take the whole hog, and the next litter of swine. (Laughter.) But we have no action upon the resolution in the Senate, and consequently, we are in a muss, and our mechanics, merchants, manufacturers, and the industrious, are *non-com-at-ibus in swampo!* (Loud laughter.) I will not vote for one regiment, but fifty-one regiments, or eleven hundred and one. Although I agree with the gentleman from Michigan about what he said of native Americanism, I can't agree with him as to what he said about the riflemen. Last fall and spring there were no emigrants killed off while going to Oregon.—(Mr. Chipman explained what he said.) I entertain the same ideas of policy, as my friend, but I did n't get them in the same way. But as to this bill, it was the smallest potato in the heap, and not worth pealing! (Laughter.) As to birth I had no choice in it; as I said before, if I had had my choice, perhaps I might have been born a son of George the III.; or, as Prince Albert, sported in the swamps of Florida or Germany, while Queen Vic. like a rich and tempting fruit, was worth plucking! (Laughter.) And all for the purpose of greasing the wheels of the confederacy! Within the last ten years, two little factions had sprung up, viz: Native Americanism and unrepented abolitionism. You can't make a speech, sometimes, without having a dozen negroes thrown into your face; and to-day and yesterday we have been disgusted with native Americanism. We all recollect what was done in Philadelphia two years ago. Temples, built by the better portion of God's creation, were pulled down or burnt up, and the book of God, on which we are qualified to take our seats, Mr. Chairman, destroyed. I recommend that these two factions join their forces, and uniting with the Whig forces (whose principles are defined by the gentleman from Massachusetts and Mr. Clay) come right up to the mark, and meet the Democrats eye to eye and teeth to teeth—come up as boldly as two and two make four. If my bushel be too big, I will saw off an inch or two. (Laughter.) The gentleman from Pennsylvania, if he wanted specimens of orators, could point to Emmett, and a host of others. Sir, my grandsires were Irishmen. They fought in the Revolution and at King's Mountain. I have an uncle whose bones lie there unburied. Old Hickory was an Irishman, and on every battle-field he achieved a victory. He sent the elder Pakenham home in a cask of rum; (which, by the bye, I taste sometimes;) and I advise the Whigs and Native Americans to send home the younger Pakenham, and take the whole of Oregon. Mr. McConnell resumed his seat amid laughter.

From the True American.

A SPIRIT AT WORK.

The result of the New Hampshire election has startled the politicians. They do not know what to make of it. They stand as men struck dumb by some sudden and overwhelming calamity.

And it will be well for them to make close calculations upon that result. For it shows that there is a spirit and energy in the people, which, when roused, will snap asunder their junto power, and rive every instrumentality of oppression. What so hard as to obliterate party lines? What work half so difficult as to make the bigot forget his fealty to sect, or the partisan of ordinary stamp forsake his fold? Yet all this was done in New Hampshire, and men of all parties stood up shoulder to shoulder as they hurled from authority rulers who had basely used them, and more basely still traded away the honor of their common home.

And the lesson thus taught by New Hampshire will not be forgotten by the people of any State in the Union. The blaze of the fire kindled on the granite hills is shedding its light everywhere, and men of every caste and class, are coming to the knowledge that they have only to be united, and to ACT, to accomplish any good. What dynasty seemed so firmly set—so irresistible—as the democracy of New Hampshire? Yet, in its *own* bosom, was found a kindred vitality with that which existed *without* it, and as old party prejudices were thawed out, and existing fears overcome, they accomplished a triumph worthy the name of freemen. And what is there to prevent the same result in other States? What is there to prevent Kentucky at this hour, from accomplishing a mightier revolution still? Nothing but the want of the same union and the same energy. Give us these, let the mountain voters, and the voters of the lowlands, independent of party drill, speak out for freedom, and no combined power of Slavery would dare resist.

Men make fools of themselves, become cowards, the tools of drivelling office-seekers, or of the mercenary spirit of the age, because of their fear to do what they *know* to be right. Where is the free laborer in Kentucky that has not his very muscles bound down to the stake of Slavery, and his very *hearth* charred, as by a slow fire, with its blazing curses? Where the slaveholder himself, glutted by avarice, or steeped in sensuality, or besotted by a love of power, who does not know that he degrades free labor, and that, in the terrible recoil, which must follow oppression like this, he may sink the iron deep into the heart of his own offspring, and leave them as the blighted instrument of an institution, foul and rotten to the very core? They all know this, all feel it, and if one-half of them, tramping into the dust, on the one side, their fear, and dashing away, on the other, their selfishness, were to act upon this knowledge, this feeling—universal freedom would be the law of Kentucky, ere five years rolled over our heads.

This thing called power is not understood by the people. Who has not seen some plain man coolly, but determinedly defend his position against decided odds, and come off, even in the opinion of his opponents, the victor? Who has not witnessed an honest defender of truth put down prejudice, and silence passion by his clear argument, and calm, moral courage? Who has not known single individuals in large neighborhoods arresting calumny, and converting the people who honestly, perhaps, spread it, into personal friends and strong supporters? Now the power exerted in all these cases was simply the power of truth, and *that* every man who has the gift of speech and reason, may possess and use. So that if the people will it, or act out what they know to be right, there is no wrong, not even the monstrous wrong of Slavery, which may not be speedily overcome. This tyranny exists by our permission. It kneads itself into a compact strength, and adds to its strength only by the common sufferance. Yours, then, freemen of Kentucky, will be the fault if you do not, like the brave Granite Boys of New Hampshire, hurl it to the earth, and let it be known as the giant wrong of the Past.

From the Ohio State Journal.

THE KIDNAPPERS.

One of our citizens who visited Frankfort, Kentucky, to see what could be done in behalf of the colored man who had been violently abducted from this State, and to bring the kidnappers to justice, has returned, and brings the intelligence that Forbes and Armitage, the kidnappers, were at Frankfort when he left, but that the latter was about leaving for New Orleans, having been much alarmed at the intelligence that he received by letter from this city, from some of his friends or co-workers in villainy. Phinney, their victim, was in the penitentiary at Frankfort, completely broken in spirit at the misfortunes that had so suddenly come upon him. It appears that he was received by the Warden of the Kentucky Penitentiary, at Cincinnati, the latter being in waiting for him there, by arrangement. Forbes and Armitage received, it is said, from the Warden, who seems to be in some manner interested in the matter, three hundred dollars each, for the part they played in the abduction.

The Warden of the Penitentiary of Kentucky bears the name of *Craig*, and if he participated in the proceedings in this State, and received Jerry before he left the State, he has also violated our laws, and should be included in the requisition made upon the Governor of Kentucky.

From facts that have been developed already, and are daily devoloping themselves, there can be no doubt that the abduction of Jerry was deep laid, and that the Warden of the Kentucky Penitentiary was one of the persons engaged in the conspiracy against the laws of a sister State. There are some circumstances which justify the belief that a double purpose was contemplated in the abduction of Jerry. It was given in testimony here, in the preliminary proceedings, that Forbes offered to release him after he had been seized, if he would give certain information that was in his possession. It is said that the Warden, when in this city, sometime since, endeavored to obtain this information from Jerry. Of its character we can only surmise. Certain it is, that from his shrewdness and the many opportunities furnished him for acquiring such

probably hear the result in a day or two. The Justice and his accomplices are still in prison here.

The Cincinnati Gazette, of yesterday, thus alludes to the matter:

JERRY PHINNEY.—The black man captured in Columbus, is in the penitentiary at Frankfort.

It would seem that the Warden of that penitentiary received him at the wharf in the city, and that he conveyed him to Frankfort, and advanced the reward for his capture.

According to the story of his capturers, Jerry was never liberated by his owner. He was hired out to a Mr. Allkire, who brought him to Cincinnati as a servant, and here he resided for some time. This act, in law, *makes him free.*

The scoundrels who aided in his capture are in Kentucky. We hope they will be indicted, and a demand made for them. We cannot tamely acquiesce in a violation of our territory, and our law, by force; or stand by and see any human being brutishly deprived of his liberty, without a legal effort to save him.

The Western States have fairly met every demand made by the Governors of slave States, and afforded every legal facility to them to make out their claims to "their property." We shall take it for granted that a corresponding fairness will be shown by the rulers of Kentucky when we ask for reparation. Everything, indeed, ought to be done to bring Armitage and Forbes to the bar of justice. Villains of their cast, who for hire do the vilest of human acts, should never find protection among men who call or consider themselves such.

The Commonwealth says, Jerry was a fugitive from service. Let that point be submitted to a Kentucky Court. We will abide the issue. But that Journal, and the citizens of Frankfort, will not, we are sure, *if Jerry be, in law, free,* attempt to hold him in slavery, or to screen his capturers from a just punishment.

From the New-York Tribune.

VISIT OF THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY TO THE STATE PRISON.

The following letter from Mrs. Farnham, Principal Matron of the female prison at Sing Sing, to Judge Edmonds, we publish with great pleasure:

SING SING, April 11, 1846.

Hon. J. W. EDMONDS, *Chairman of the Executive Committee of the New-York Prison Association:*

DEAR SIR:—We had the "Home Branch" of the Hutchinson Family with us yesterday. They had been invited to visit and sing in the prisons, and came up on Saturday for that purpose. Were you acquainted with them, I should not have to tell you that the simplicity and genuineness of their characters add as much to the effect of their music as characters less beautiful derive from it. Such is the fact, and nowhere, as you are well aware, would the peculiar force of this charm be more keenly felt than among our unfortunate prisoners.

They took part in the Sabbath services of both prisons. In the chapel of the male prison, after a brief prayer, they sang the beautiful piece, entitled,

"His love can ne'er be told;"

and it would have delighted you to see how the sentiment lit up the hearts of that large congregation. This was followed by the announcement of three deaths that had recently occurred in the prison. One of these, as you may already know, was a suicide. The victim was a young Englishman, about 22, who had for some time been laboring under depression of mind. He perpetrated the deed by hanging himself with his towel, made fast to the hook by which his bed was suspended during the day.

The statement of these melancholy occurrences by the Chaplain was followed by the very beautiful and appropriate piece—

"A brother is dead,"

sung by Mr. Joshua Hutchinson. The most perfect silence pervaded the audience, and, as the tender, low-breathed strains were uttered, every syllable, though whispered in the softest tone, was audible, and glistening eyes and flushed brows in many parts of the house testified that neither crime nor its consequences had yet utterly extinguished sympathy or sensibility.

An eloquent and appropriate sermon by Mr. Redfield, of Brooklyn, was followed by the singing of the following piece, written for the occasion by our excellent friend, OLIVER JOHNSON:

LAY OF THE PRISONER.

I.

The sigh of the Prisoner is heard by the Lord,
Though Man, in his pride, turns coldly away;
The Saviour of men with compassion is stirred,
When sinners in blindness His will disobey.

Solo and Chorus.

Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity!
Cold is the world to the cries of God's poor!
Treat us with kindness, ye friends of Christianity;
Give us your love—we ask nothing more.*

II.

The tear of the Prisoner is noted on high,
And God in his mercy deals kindly with all;
Then why should proud Man leave his brother to die,
Beneath the dark shade of the Prison's cold wall?
Pity, &c.

III.

The prayer of the Prisoner is answered above,
When humbly he pleads for forgiveness and grace;
The greatest transgressor—O, wonderful love!—
Repentant, may find e'en in Heaven a place.
Pity, &c.

IV.

O, welcome to us in our dreary abode,
The voice of a brother, the face of a friend;
His word and his smile, how they lighten our load!
The choicest of blessings on him shall descend.

Solo and Chorus.

Pity, kind gentlemen, friends of humanity!
Cold is the world to the cries of God's poor!
Treat us with kindness, ye friends of Christianity!
Give us your love—we ask nothing more.

You can better conceive than I can describe the effect of these appropriate lines, sung as they were with genuineness of feeling which rendered it difficult for the singers to suppress their emotions sufficiently to carry the performance through. We no longer looked upon glistening eyes and flushed faces, but the silent tears coursed down many a rugged and sin-stricken cheek, and the swelled veins of many a tarnished brow told of the deep and long slumbering chord which those sounds had reawakened in their bosoms. I wished that those who regard their fallen brethren as brute animals, worthy only of such treatment as must be offensive to their Maker when inflicted even upon these, could have witnessed that scene, and felt its sacred influences. If depraved and hardened criminals were not proof against them, such persons surely could not be.

After this, the services were closed in the male prison, by singing the "Millenium," and the "Farewell."

In our prison the piece first mentioned was sung at the close of a brief but appropriate and spirited sermon by Mr. Luckey, the Chaplain. You are so well acquainted with the condition and spirit of things with us, that I need not enlarge upon the pure and exalted pleasure that was manifest in every countenance in our little chapel. Then followed the "Lay of the Prisoner," with an effect as touching as had been witnessed in the lower chapel, and the services were closed with the "Farewell."

Perhaps, after all, the most affecting scene occurred in the hospital of the male prison, when the unfortunate inmates of that place of sickness and death—some of them in a state of gloom bordering on despair, and others drawing near to the grave—were permitted to listen to the heavenly strains of these charming minstrels. It was almost enough to "create a soul under the ribs of Death." The eye of the stricken invalid, moistened with tears, sparkled with unwonted brightness, and the pallid face seemed animated by a new hope. With what touching effect came to us all at that moment the significant words of Christ, "I was sick and in prison, and ye came unto me." A few words spoken by Mr. Luckey on this occasion were in admirable harmony with the spirit awakened by the music. Such a scene, to have its full effect, must be witnessed; it cannot be adequately described.

The influence of this visit upon the discipline of the prisons can hardly be over-estimated. I am confident it will be visible for months to come in the more cheerful obedience of the prisoners to the rules of the institution, in the diminution of that dullness and listlessness so observant in all prisons, and in a more serious attention to religious instruction. It is by influences such as this that all necessity for the lash may be removed as gently and effectually as the icy drapery of winter is melted away in the genial atmosphere of Spring.

Not one of our prisoners who was present at the visit of the other branch of this gentle and musical family had forgotten any of the pleasant incidents of that occasion, and I can scarcely tell you how grateful they are for this second blessing—for a blessing indeed it is to them.

And also to us! I mean to us especially who live at the female prison *as officers*, and are little less excluded from the pleasures of society, and the delights afforded by art, than those under our charge. In the dearth of our social enjoyments, such visits are scarcely less a boon to us than to our prisoners.

But you understand all that. I will only add that the universal wish of all here is, that the Hutchinsons might be often among us with their gentle, unaffected manners, their hearts of harmony, and their music so well calculated to produce such hearts in others.

Very truly, yours,
E. W. FARNHAM.

Hon. J. W. EDMONDS.

* This Solo and Chorus will be recognized as a parody on those of the well-known song of the Hutchinsons—"Over the Mountain, over the Moor."

From the Fredonia Censor.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

A very general desire has been felt in our county to make Gov. Seward one of our representatives in the Convention, in pursuance of which a citizen of this village addressed him on the subject. The following reply has been received, and it is deemed due to the feelings of the many who have hoped he would consent to serve, to make it public. It will be seen that while he withholds his valuable services from us on this occasion, he is yet heartily with us in every liberal and patriotic aspiration:—

AUBURN, March 31st, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your letter of the 24th instant, in which you inform me of a desire entertained by yourself and others to place me in nomination before the people of the county of Chautauque, as a candidate for the office of a member of the Convention which has been called to revise the Constitution of this State, has been received.

If ever I should become so miserable as to distrust mankind, my habitual confidence would be revived by some new act of friendship on the part of the Whig citizens whom you represent. Here is a trust, sought by the most eminent persons in the State, and to be conferred by the people of Chautauque county, among whom are many as well qualified for it as I am; and yet, it is urged upon me, as if I were not already buried under similar kindnesses coming from the same quarter. It would be ungenerous to accept such an offer, under such circumstances, and no man can ever find a good motive for an ungenerous act. Every personal reason which ever existed for my continuance in private life, still exists. Years have brought with them an increase of the number and the need of those for whom I labor.

I admit that the Constitution must be revised, thoroughly revised. The State of New-York lies in the gate of the Continent, and has long been receiving a full tide of men, of knowledge and money, from all the other American States, as well as from Europe, in addition to natural increase. Enjoying the instruction of half a dozen colleges, five thousand churches, twelve thousand schools, and as many libraries, the State has alarmed its antiquated guardians by complaints that its condition is uncomfortable, and its energies cramped by the Constitution assigned to it a quarter of a century ago. But all parties agree not only upon the necessity of revision, but upon all the necessary amendments except one. A part of the community hesitate to adopt the principle of universal suffrage, and weakly imagine that Democracy in the State of New-York can be clogged a little longer by laws of naturalization and registry acts, operating on the exile; and by proscription of color excluding the African. But the progress already made in exploding these errors, gives us an earnest of a complete triumph of Democratic Whig principles in the Convention.

The property qualification is already renounced, and the opponents of universal suffrage have fallen back upon the plea of the hopeless debasement of the African race. With the aid of mistaken philanthropists, they hope to defeat the enfranchisement of the colored man, by the artifice of submitting an article for that purpose to the people separately from all other amendments to the Constitution. Let them try *that.* "Whom God devotes to destruction, he first makes mad." The apologists of Slavery in New Hampshire recently separated a kindred question from all other issues, in a popular election, and with what result, has been seen.

Universal suffrage in this State is not a *local* question. Slavery continues in the South, because the negroes there are represented in the public councils, and virtually vote, through their masters, for perpetual Slavery; while Northern allies disfranchise free negroes, whom nature would oblige to cast their votes for freedom. The evils of the compact have become intolerable. The free States, increasing in population and in wealth seventy-five per cent. more than the slaveholding States, have fallen into a hopeless minority. Their interests are sacrificed at home, and are betrayed abroad.

We have reached a new stage in our national career. It is that of territorial aggrandizement. Extended jurisdiction is an element of national strength if the moral condition of the people be sound; of national weakness if that condition be unsound. Slavery has impoverished the States where it exists, so much, that they are incapable of endowing schools, maintaining mails, constructing roads, or supporting armies. With principles in regard to revenue, which always prevent the General Government from establishing proper defences, the slaveholding States are ready apologists in every case of foreign injustice and aggression. The people have instructed the President to maintain the American title to the whole of Oregon. The President, thereupon, requires the consent of Congress for proper notice to Great Britain. Congress debates and hesitates until the effect of the notice is altogether lost. It is Slavery that "doth make cowards of us all," and justly so. New-York, without a discontented citizen or subject within her borders, would be stronger, alone, than all the twenty-eight States.—Massachusetts defied England seventy years ago. She has only one Statesman who would dare to commit her to such a conflict now, and he belongs to the revolutionary age, rather that to this.

I want no war—I want no enlargement of territory, sooner than it would come if we were contented with "a masterly inactivity." I abhor war, as I detest Slavery. I would not give one human life for all the Continent that remains to be *annexed.* But I cannot exclude the conviction that the popular passion for territorial aggrandizement is irresistible. Prudence, justice cowardice, may check it for a season, but it will gain strength by its subjugation. An American navy is hovering over Vera Cruz. An American army is at the heart of what was Mexico. Let the Oregon question be settled when it may, it will, nevertheless, come back again. Our population is destined to roll its resistless waves to the icy barriers of the North, and to encounter Oriental civilization on the shores of the Pacific. The monarchs of Europe are to have no rest, while they have a colony remaining on this Continent. France has already sold out. Spain has sold out. We shall see how long before England inclines to follow their example. It behooves us, then, to qualify ourselves for our mission. We must dare our destiny. We can do this, and can only do it, by early measures which shall effect the abolition of Slavery, without precipitancy, without oppression, without injustice to slaveholders, without civil war, with the consent of mankind, and the approbation of Heaven. The restoration of the right of suffrage to freedmen, is the first act, and will draw after it, in due time, the sublime catastrophe of emancipation.

But this act has already opened. There is no need for me to go upon the stage. Nor have I the self-conceit to believe that I could be at all useful. The people of Chautauque county have obliged me many times, and always without solicitation. They must now grant me one favor upon request, which is to leave me in peace at home. Under no circumstances, and upon no consideration, could I consent to be a candidate for public office.

I am, very respectfully, your obliged,
And obedient servant,
WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

From the True American.

MOUNTAIN BOYS.

Our correspondent is a plain man that loves his friend and speaks in a plain manner. Liberty has ever found a resting-place in the mountains. The time is coming when an overwhelming vote will flow from the Highlands, and purge the Lowlands of their criminal usurpations. Oh, for a thousand of these brave hearts on another 18th of August!

KNOX COUNTY, March 4th, 1846.

MR. CASSIUS M. CLAY:—I have to write you a letter, to inform you how much I like you. I got hold of one or two of your papers, and I think they are great papers; I read them, as did several of my neighbors, and says I: "They are great." "Yes," says they, "that they was." I want to take them after awhile, but not now, because I have not got the money.

Yet I want to tell you as how all the people in Knox go for emancipation of Slavery in Kentucky. I don't know none of my neighbors but what wants *Slavery killed in Kentucky.* Perhaps you may not be acquainted up about Barboursville; we have got some mighty smart lawyers and doctors; they all go for emancipation. May be you don't know C—— W——, and G—— A——, and J—— H——, and Dr. M——, and J—— B——, and J——, and R——, A——, and M—— A——, they all go for you mighty strong, and against *Slavery; in fact,* I think the whole country will go against it strong. I believe you can get one thousand votes in old Knox to-morrow. C—— W—— made a speech the other night against it—he is a smarter man than your Big R——, of Lexington; I heard both on Ab. Baker's trial, and C—— beat him all hollow. G—— A—— is a mighty fine man. I want you to be encouraged, and I have but to tell you how strong the people go for you in these hills:—I want you to come out here next summer and make us a speech—and I will get C—— W—— to help you—when you do come. Then don't give up, for we all pray God's blessing upon you—we go for you—so no more—but remain,
Yours, till death,
M—— S——.

From the same.

We give place to this communication, though against our views, that a subscriber may be heard in "free discussion:"

HUNTINGDON Co. Pa. March 11th, 1846.

CASSIUS M. CLAY, ESQ.:

Dear Sir:—The cause you advocate is exciting the feelings of the people of this section of the country, to a considerable extent. We had heretofore fed our hope with the idea, that Slavery was but "a temporary institution," and would be abolished by the progress of science and education. But recent developments of the feelings of the South on the subject, such as the permanent establishment of Slavery in Texas, and the laws of the Southern States to prevent the education of slaves, and the poor of all classes, by refusing to establish free schools—that many have come to the conclusion, if the prospect does not, in the course of another year, brighten for eradicating that national stain from our character,—that they will make a strong legal effort to rouse a Convention, for the purpose of effecting a repeal, or division of the Union, so that the free States may form a Republican Government, that will not be a disgrace to the name—a Democratic Republican Government, that will not publish to the world, in their Bill of Rights, that "all men are born free and equal," while thousands are daily born slaves, and bought and sold like cattle in the public market, under the sound of the voices of the very legislators that proclaim the falsehood to the world. Some may hold that the repeal of the Union, or talk of it, is treason; but none but tyrants dread free discussion on any subject; and nothing is more certain, than that that institution that is too delicate for free discussion, is rotten and corrupt, and the men that will attempt to obstruct the freedom of speech or of the press, ought to be considered as enemies to republican Government.

The States were originally independent Governments, and if they had a right to form a union, they have a right to dissolve that union, and form a new union, of such States as will honestly carry out the principles they profess, and publish to the world. The slaveholding States will then be at liberty to form a Government of their own, and make their professions and practice agree, and publish in their Bill of Rights or Constitution of Liberty and Freedom, as they understand it, and let the world know that what they mean by liberty, is, that one portion of the people of their "republic" are perfectly at liberty to make slaves of the other portion, if they can, and that this principle is in perfect accordance with the Word of God, and that they will let no priest of any denomination preach in their nation, that does not so understand the Holy Book. Then they could claim at least credit for candor and honesty of profession, and the other States that were not confederated with them, would have no legal right to meddle with their "domestic institutions" or Government, in any way whatever, as their character could in no way be affected, either by the good or bad actions of those with whom they were in no way politically connected. But it is not so under the present confederation; we have a character as a nation, which is a compound of the character of each State, developed by Congress in the great slave market in Washington city. And we conscientiously believe, that our character, for honesty and good conduct, suffers greatly before God and man, by our connection with Slavery; and we hold that we have a legal right, and that it is our duty to God and our country, to send agents to our brethren of the South, to reason with them, and endeavor to convince them of the error of their ways; and if we cannot succeed in so doing, we have a right to make a choice between two evils, and say that we will endeavor to dissolve the political partnership, and have no connection with those partners whom we consider a disgrace to the firm,—the necessity for such a partnership no longer exists, and I will speak of the advantages of the dissolution of partnership at another time. S. C

N. B.—As you advocate free discussion, please to give the foregoing a place in your useful paper, if you think it worthy.

From the same.

PRAYER AND SLAVERY.

There are many men professing the Christian religion, who also profess to believe Slavery a Divine institution! Now we have lived thus long, and never yet have heard a prayer offered up to God in its behalf! *If it is of God, Christians pray for it!* Try it; it will strengthen your faith, and purify your soul.

Oh, thou omnipotent, and benevolent God, who hast made all men of one flesh, thou father of all nations, we do most devoutly beseech thee to defend, and strengthen thy institution, American Slavery! Do thou, O Lord, tighten the chains of our black brethren, and cause Slavery to increase, and multiply, throughout the world!—and whereas many nations of the earth have loved their neighbors as themselves, and have done unto others as they would that others should do unto them, and have broken every bond, and have let the oppressed go free, do thou, O God, turn their hearts from their evil ways, and let them seize once more, upon the weak and defenceless, and subject them to eternal servitude!

And, O God! as thou hast commanded us not to muzzle even the poor ox that treadeth out the corn; let them labor unceasingly without reward, and let their own husbands, and wives, and children, be sold into distant lands without crime, that thy name may be glorified, and that unbelievers *may* be confounded, and forced to confess that indeed Thou art a God of justice and mercy! Stop; stop, O God, the escape from the prison house, by which thousands of these "*accursed*" men flee into foreign countries, where nothing but tyranny reigns; and compel them to enjoy the unequalled blessings of our own *free* land!

Whereas our rulers in the Alabama Legislature have emancipated a black man because of some eminent public service, thus bringing thy Holy name into shame, do Thou, O God, change their hearts, melt them into mercy, and into obedience to thy will, and cause them speedily to restore the chain to that unfortunate soul! And, O God, thou searcher of all hearts, seeing that many of thine own professed followers—when they come to lie down on the bed of death, and enter upon that bourne whence no traveller returns, where every one shall be called to account for the deeds done in the body, whether they be good, or whether they be evil—emancipate their fellowmen, failing in faith, and given over to hardness of heart, and blindness of perception of the truth, do thou, O God, be merciful to them, and the poor recipients of their deceitful philanthropy, *and let the chain enter in the flesh, and the iron into the soul forever!*

THAT SHOUT.

There be those who say that the poor African cares nothing for his freedom. Brutish, and ignorant as he may be, he has in him a love of liberty, as burning and unquenchable as the Saxon ever felt. When the slaver Pons was captured, and the negroes on board knew the fact, they gave a shout, says an officer, that might have been heard a mile. They knew they were again *free,* and their very hearts were concentrated in that shout.—*Ib.*

THE KIDNAPPERS AND THE LAW.

The Ohio State Journal said that the magistrate and others concerned in the kidnapping outrage at Columbus, were arrested. Now, if we do not mistake, the principal, or sole witness in the case, is a colored man. The facts are known, just as well as if they were sworn to, by a thousand witnesses; but his evidence would be necessary, if we understand the matter, to commit them in a court of justice. Now, herein is shown the abominable absurdity, and wickedness of our black laws. The testimony of this witness is prohibited by law! And this law, all except three or four of the Democratic, and about one-half of the Whig, members of the House of Representatives, of the late Legislature, refused to repeal.

And yet we are to be thunderstruck at the occurrence of such an outrage! Nonsense! What else could be expected The conduct of our Legislature, and of the Press of the State, is an invitation to slave-hunters to make Ohio their race-ground.—*Cincinnati Herald.*

We understand that the Governor of Ohio has issued a reward of $500, for the apprehension of Alexander C. Forbes, and Jacob Armitage, the kidnappers of the colored man Phinney. We further learn that a subscription paper is in circulation in Columbus, which will raise the amount to $800, or $1,000 reward.

Armitage is described as follows:—A stout young man, of 28 or 30—freckled face—has a fashion of contracting his eyes, and shows his teeth a great deal when talking. He was one of the guards at the penitentiary.

The promptitude, and energy with which Governor Bartley has acted in the case, are highly commendable, and will be appreciated by every citizen alive to the honor of the State.—*Ib.*

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1846.

☞ NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS! ☜

ANNUAL MEETING

Of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will be held in the TABERNACLE in the city of NEW-YORK, on TUESDAY, the 12th day of MAY next. Auxiliary Societies are urgently requested to choose their delegates early, and individuals throughout the country to make seasonable preparation to be in attendance. The plan of operations for the ensuing year, which may be marked by the Society will need the wisdom of a multitude of counsellors for its development. The times demand all our energies.

The BUSINESS MEETINGS of the Society will be held on the afternoon of TUESDAY, and through the whole of WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, in the LECTURE-ROOM of the Society Library, Broadway.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN, WENDELL PHILLIPS, } Secretaries.

Annual Meeting of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society.

This society held its annual meeting in Dedham, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 15th and 16th of April, in the Temperance Hall. The meeting began on the afternoon of Wednesday, and the chair was taken by EDMUND QUINCY, the President of the society. The opening session was thinly attended; but the evening meeting was large, and the interest continued increasing till the end. The large hall was entirely filled on Thursday evening, and it was by far the largest Anti-Slavery meeting ever held in the town. On Thursday there was a numerous attendance from various parts of the county. Delegates were present from Walpole, Stoughton, Medfield, Milton, Roxbury, Dorchester, Quincy, Weymouth, and other towns. It was a meeting of deep interest, and was addressed by the President, Messrs. STONE, GARRISON, PILLSBURY, REMOND, STEBBINS, MOODY, the venerable SETH SPRAGUE, of Duxbury, EDWIN THOMPSON, and other gentlemen. We shall attempt to give our readers a slight report of some of the speeches on this occasion.

The President, Mr. Quincy, on taking the chair, expressed his satisfaction at seeing before him "fit audience, though few." All things must have a beginning—and Anti-Slavery meetings amongst the rest. An Anti-Slavery meeting was generally small at its commencement, but, was almost always crowded before its end. *Crescit eundo;* it gathered strength as it went on. Like a snowball, it was but a handful at first, but its volume increased as it was pushed onward. But this was its only resemblance to a snowball—for it was always anything but *cold.* It was a fitting type of the cause of which it was a part. Small and inconsiderable in its beginnings; but extending its influences wider and wider as it advanced.

"It is the manner of some excellent Abolitionists," proceeded Mr. Quincy, "when they find a meeting small at its beginnings, to expend a good deal of time and breath in rebuking the indifference and pro-slavery spirit, to which this result is owing. Now, I cannot but think this course ill-advised,—for two reasons. First, because those present are not obnoxious to censure on this ground,—for there they are. And secondly, because those who are to blame in this respect, are not present, and cannot hear the rebuke of their indifference. The faithful few who constitute the *nucleus,* the *seed,* of the great meeting which is to gather around,—to grow up from the beginning they make—should receive words of encouragement, and not of censure. *They* have done their duty, and are not to blame for the supineness of others.

"I believe that this meeting will grow into one which this hall can hardly contain. But should it be otherwise, I should be in no whit disheartened. The success of a moral revolution, like ours, depends, not on the numbers, but on the fidelity, of those engaged in it. Every reformation which has ever blessed the world has always begun with the few,—with the *one.* When the carpenter's son of Nazareth proclaimed his doctrines, how inadequate did the means seem to the end! But he drew after him a small band of kindred spirits, strong in "the unresistible might of weakness," and gradually his ideas undermined the whole religious superstructure of ancient civilization. Would not He and His Apostles have increased their influence if they had compromised a little, and added to their numbers by modifying their principles? Such was not their philosophy. And though it led them to the Cross and to the Arena, the result has justified its wisdom. So it was with the reformation of Luther. So with the Puritanic reformation, which sought to carry out the reformation of Luther. A few clergymen and laymen, in the 16th century, protested against the corruptions of the Reformed Church. They were persecuted, imprisoned, scourged, exiled. They took no thought for their usefulness; but simply did what they perceived to be duty. And in less than a century, the Prerogative and the Hierarchy expiated their crimes on the scaffolds of Laud and Charles, and the brewer of Huntingdon, the incarnation of Puritanism, sat on the throne of the Stuarts. In later times, when the young Clarkson sat by the wayside on the stone, yet shown, which will be an eternal monument of the true glory of England, and resolved to devote himself to the abolition of the Slave-Trade, how disproportionate seemed the means to the end! And yet, in thirty years, the traffic, which on that day was as honorable as the India-trade, was pronounced piracy, and branded with ignominy. And so when the dying Elizabeth Heyrick, with the clearness of vision formerly believed to be vouchsafed to dying eyes, perceived and proclaimed the principle that immediate emancipation was the right of the slave and the only expedience as well as the only justice, the efforts of the English Abolitionists, thus directed, were speedily crowned with success. And all this was done by precisely the same means which the American Abolitionists employ for the abolition of American Slavery.

"When George Thompson was in this country, pouring forth that flood of eloquence which made Lord Brougham declare, in the House of Lords, that he was the most eloquent man he had ever listened to, though he had heard Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and Sheridan, and Wyndham; when he was uttering his burning harangues in district school houses and in chilly meeting houses, half filled, he used to tell his fellowhearers that there were enough there present to abolish Slavery, if they would do but their duty. And it was no paradox, but simple truth. It was no miracle, but the result of a piece of practical common sense, that gave the Jewish General the victory over the hosts of his enemies, with the few hundreds who could stand the test of 'lapping water.' Dr. Channing used to say, 'that the main business of the Abolitionists seemed to be to keep their ranks pure!' And though it was meant as a sneer, it was a great truth, and expresses in few words the whole philosophy of reform. We have ever found our efficiency and our strength to be in just proportion to our fidelity to our highest perceptions of Anti-Slavery duty. And though we have hindered some from joining us, by our uncompromising course, and have driven others away from us, we have always found our influence increased, and our power over the public mind strengthened, by recognizing no expediency but the highest right. I do not believe that the number of what Dr. Channing used to call 'technical Abolitionists,' will ever be much greater than it is now. The additions to our numbers will not be more than enough to fill up the places of the dead and of the deserters. (*A voice.* 'The *unburied* dead!') Yes, of the dead and the unburied dead. But I am sure that there will be enough to leaven the mind of the people with the principles of freedom and a perception of their true interests, to procure the abolition of the coarse iniquity of chattel slavery.

"A word as to the present condition of the Anti-Slavery enterprise. Complaints are sometimes made, that our meetings are of a less exciting character than they used to be. And the inference is drawn by the open or secret enemies of the cause, that it is a sign of growing coldness and want of interest in it. Whereas, in fact, it is a sign that we have gained the victory for which we have been contending for the last ten years. Our enemies have been, from the beginning, busy in endeavoring to hinder us from getting the ear of the people, by raising false issues, and representing us as having for our end some other object than the abolition of Slavery; and we have had to expose them and their falsehoods, before we could be brought into line against Slavery itself. First came Colonization, then the American Union, for the improvement of the colored race, then the clerical appeal, heralding New Organization. After New Organization had been slain, we found that it had made the Third Party its residuary legatee, and we were obliged to encounter that form of opposition; and, thanks to our fidelity, though it has a name to live, that, too, is virtually dead. Last of all came *No Organization,* led on by men who sought to destroy the movement by breaking up its organized action. But that, too, is passed away and without any appreciable injury to the cause. It has afforded a few persons who were tired of the warfare an excuse for leaving it, and that is all. We have settled, too, our principles and method, and are of one mind among ourselves. Having been victorious in all these most unpleasant conflicts, and thereby obtained the peace, which is the object of all war, we should not complain that we cannot have the blessings of peace and the excitements of fighting at the same time.

"We have now, what we have been struggling for ten years to gain, the ear of the people on the subject of Slavery. Wherever I have been of late, I have found larger and more attentive audiences than I have ever seen before. They listen patiently to all that we have to say. This is what we have always desired, and to prevent which, all these false issues have been raised. The people, indeed, do not feel as they should do in the presence of such a terrible fact as Slavery. If they did, there would be no need of the Anti-Slavery movement. But they are willing to hear, and it will be our fault if a great anti-slavery revival does not spread over the land. The cause never stood so well as it does at the present moment. We now stand face to face with Slavery and Pro-Slavery. The traitors in the camp, and they that have lost their heart for this conflict, have been exposed and defeated. We have only to stand firm, and be true to our principles and our method, and we shall, in due time, see them triumphant."

Mr. Pillsbury remarked, that he was not so much surprised at there being so *few* present, when he considered the influences under which the town labored, as that there were so *many.* He remembered, when here two years since, that it was stated that one of the clergymen of the town,* one whose divinity was of that eminence that it had received the crown of a doctorate, in catechising the children of the Sunday school, asked them, "Whether they should not prefer being the slaves of one of the old Patriarchs, such as Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob, to being kings or queens upon their thrones?" And that the children answered that they had. If such was the religious instruction of the inhabitants of Dedham, it was not to be expected that they would come to an Anti-Slavery meeting.

After a little more conversation, the meeting adjourned till 7 o'clock in the evening.

* The Rev. Dr. Burgess.

M. Linstant, of Haiti.

This gentleman has attained literary distinction in France, as well as in his native island. When the French Abolition Society offered a prize for the best essay on prejudice of color, his was the effort that obtained it, though Victor Schœlscher, and other white men of acknowledged literary ability, were his competitors, and such men as Odillon Barrot and the Duc de Broglie, were the judges.

His contribution to the Liberty Bell of the present year, reflects, as only the mind of a man of color, who is also an Abolitionist, can, the reasons why foreigners who come to this country as the foes of Slavery, are so soon found arrayed beneath the banners of its advocacy. It is not the undistinguished mass of emigrants alone who thus yield to temptation.

Men of religious, scientific, and literary distinction, whose already attained position might have been deemed a security against temptation, are in like manner found persuading themselves that it is but an act of duty to prefer the interests of the Quaker, Baptist, or Congregational Church, to the interests of universal humanity; or the acquisition of scientific fame, or the making of a fortune, ("*to do good with,*" is perchance the delusion under which this sacrifice of principle to expedience is made,) to the service of right.

It is in vain for such men to plead their consciences, and their individual freedom, as an excuse for their sin. They are like the man who destroyed his judgment by wine-drinking, and then claimed his freedom to mistake the gutter for the side-walk.

But we proceed to translate M. Linstant's article on "the influence of European emigration upon the fate of the African race in the United States," as the best thing that has ever been said in reference to the apostacy of Anglo-Americans and others, in whose minds our institutions work a change so striking.

"It is, above all, in the United States, that prejudice of color has reached its apogee. We find nothing to be compared with it, in the annals of West Indian Slavery. It will not, then, be uninteresting to ascertain what is the influence of European emigration upon the lot of the slave and the free man of color in the United States.

"The debased condition of the African race throughout the Union being considered, it is not difficult to conceive why each European who lands on these shores should contribute more or less directly to sustain, or rather to increase, the prejudice of the whites against the people of color.

"The emigrants in general, are those who seek in foreign countries the means of bettering their condition;—sometimes even they are those who find it more advantageous to go into voluntary exile than to fall into the hands of justice in their own country. Wealth is their object; honestly if they can so attain it, but wealth at all events. No sooner do they touch the American soil than the first spectacle which strikes them is the existence of two castes: one composed of whites—that is to say the privileged by education, wealth, office, honors: the other of blacks—the pariahs of society, the oppressed. Moved by self-interest, the emigrants naturally take sides with the rich and powerful; for they see clearly that, if at the North they allow themselves to condemn the prejudice of color, and to judge their fellows not according to the degree of tincture in the skin, but according to their mental and moral qualities:—or, if at the South they censure the ignoble system of Slavery,—no matter what form their disapprobation takes, whether of words or deeds, it will immediately cause them to be considered as enemies of the community, and they will see the door of the fortune they seek closed forever against them. When morality and selfishness have to struggle together, very rarely do we see the former triumph. If these two antagonists cannot agree, man always finds specious motives for preferring the insinuating voice of his private interest. Such is the alternative which presents itself to the European emigrant; he is obliged to choose between his duties as a man, and a member of the great human family, and his egotism—his personal success:—that is to say, between poverty, (or at least mediocrity and inconvenience,) and the riches and pleasures of life. His choice is quickly made; he takes the latter part, and unites himself with the oppressors of the poor. Each one of them repeats to himself the words of the first egotist and the first assassin:—'Am I my brother's keeper?'—words which shall one day be his own condemnation."

Thus we see, how our country breathes a moral pestilence in the midst of the nations.—C.

Friend of Africa.

We have received the first number of a new paper with the above title, published by the African Education and Civilization Society, of this city. This society was formed in October last, and seems designed as a handmaid to the Colonization Society. We have looked in vain through the columns of its paper for one condemnatory word of the system of American Slavery, and the domestic Slave-Trade, though enough is said of the Trade in Africa. We have sought, also, without success, for a word of comfort or sympathy for the ignorant, and oppressed free colored people of this country, but find none, unless that can be called so which bids them seek a home in a country as foreign to them as to their pale-faced brothers. We do, however, find in the leading editorial the following sentence:

Therefore, believing it to be in accordance with enlightened judgment, it was, in the outset determined to pass by many things which could only be sources of contention, that would divide the strength and power of the friends of Africa, and, as far as possible, to lea untouched abstract principles and theories, which cou best be disposed of aside from this society, and addr itself to the work as a man about to run a race; to l aside every weight, and, stript of every entanglement, to run, as to win the prize.

By all which we understand that the society consider it no part of their business to do anything towards edu cating, civilizing, or raising from the suffering and degra dation of bondage the blacks in this country; but leav ing such abstract matters to take care of themselves, its mission is to find objects of sympathy and Christian benevolence in a barbarous and almost inaccessible country, the other side of the globe; remembering to forget, however, that that country is in its barbarous and almost inaccessible condition, in a great degree because Slavery exists in this hemisphere. This *pseudo* philanthropy has always been the worst enemy of the colored people, for it has its origin in bitter hatred of their race, and a desire to get rid of the most intelligent among them that the rest may be kept the more easily in subjection. Good but mistaken people, there may be engaged in these schemes, but that does not alter the fact that every plan of expatriation is designed as a bulwark of Slavery. Let the colored people beware of them. Every society, no matter what called, that professes to be established for the good of Africa by exiling the best of their race from this country, while it raises not a finger for the millions of oppressed in our own land, is not the "friend" but the foe of Africa, and all her children, whether of near or remote descent.

Among the list of officers of this society, we observe that Mayor Harper, the man who publishes expurgated editions of books for the Southern market, is President; Henry Clay, Jr. and other Southern men, who, from their position as Governors, &c. we have no doubt are slaveholders, and Northern men whom we know are not tainted with any blight of anti-slavery, are among the Vice Presidents. We notice, also, the name of Chief Justice Williams, of Vermont, as a Vice President. This gentleman was, at the last election, if we are not mistaken, the Liberty party candidate for Governor of that State. We are not astonished to find that Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, is an officer of this society, for to be a very good Whig, and a very hearty hater of the colored people, is by no means incompatible; but we confess to some little surprise, even with our knowledge of Liberty party leaders, to find one of them a prominent officer in a Colonization Society, formed, though under a new name, in 1845.

The Christian Intelligencer.

The paper heretofore published under this name, at Georgetown, Kentucky, and which took a manly stand in defence of Mr. Clay, and the freedom of the Press, at the time of the Lexington mob, is about to be discontinued. Hereafter a monthly is to be published, under the title of the "Christian Intelligencer and Southern Methodist," conducted by the same editor, the Rev. Evan Stevenson. In the last number of his paper he says:

"We have never desired or intended to *denounce* the slaveholder or the Abolitionist; yet we go for free and untrammeled discussion, and blessed be the God of our Fathers, the spirit of free inquiry and liberal and magnanimous investigation is abroad in the land—the honest and noble-hearted of all classes are bursting asunder the cords that bind them to the sensual and crovelling enterprises, and looking forward with a zeal and patriotism worthy the sons of Washington, to the ultimate disenthralment (soul, body, and spirit) of all earth's bondmen. Heaven speed the day, when upon the proud cliffs of the Kentucky river, upon her highways, railroads, and turnpikes, and over the portals of her common schools, academies, and universities, shall be inscribed in bold characters, imperishing as the everlasting hills, 'The land of

ceased to be profitable except as an article of export. The home consumption is not equal to the production, and a market must be found farther south. And when that market becomes overstocked, another must be found still farther off. Louisiana, too, will find now an outlet for her redundancy, for Texas will swallow up hundreds and hundreds of thousands before she is overstocked.

Mark, too, the admission of the "Banner," that too many slaves may prove "*dangerous*," and that they have enough now for their "present white population." Why, if slaves are not the natural enemies of the masters?—why, if Slavery is not a state of suppressed war, in which one party can only maintain its ascendancy by preserving a numerical superiority? Who ever heard of any healthy state of society where an increase of the productive classes was a dangerous one? The slaveholders can never write half-a-dozen consecutive sentences about the slaves, without throwing the lie in their own faces.

Extract of a Letter from Michigan.

We give below, an extract from a letter from one in the backwoods of Michigan. It was handed us by a friend for publication, and we cheerfully give place to anything of so true a spirit, and predict that ere long the writer will understand and embrace the doctrine of "No union with slaveholders":

* * * * * * *

As to the Liberator you sent, I have never received it, and have never seen but one or two numbers. I liked them very much. I had seen them much misrepresented in other papers. How little do we know about others' principles by what others say of them. I early engaged in the temperance cause, when it was very unpopular among the multitude, and have not yet ceased to plead the cause here, in the wilderness. Our town never has had, I believe, a regular rumseller in it yet, and the town is known by the reproachful name of the "cold-water settlement." It is also a stronghold of Abolitionists—the other parties have to unite their strength to put them down, but their days are numbered. I wish to express my views and feelings freely upon this subject. But when a man ventures to do it, how quick he is met by *some* pro-slavery priest, or pro-slavery politician, and pro-slavery religionists, who say, "You have no right or business to say anything on this subject, you will hurt some of the brethren's feelings, and produce excitement; and we are commanded to live peaceably with all men; that charity covereth a multitude of sins, &c. So we must cry peace, peace, and let the devil reign over us, and do as he bids us, and obey his imps; because, forsooth, it will produce some *excitement* among those manhating and God-loving religionists. They are so devoted and so intent on serving God, that they have no time, much less a disposition, to say or *do* anything for the poor slave, who is among thieves.

I would not be understood as condemning all ministers, there are many noble exceptions; what I mean, is, the pro-slavery spirit which some manifest. They must bow the knee, in this land of liberty as they call it, yes, liberty to submit to the dictation of slaveholders, and be governed by them, both in the Church and in our Government, in their public ministrations; and also (tell it not) in their public prayers to God. When God has told them to pray for all men, they must seek to please men more than God.

If a slaveholder is a minister, and a D. D., and belongs to *our* party, although he may hold slaves, raise, steal, and sell, whip, and drive, part sisters and brothers, husbands, wives, children, and mothers, and get rich by selling the image of God, and perhaps his own flesh, too, still such a man must not be spoken against, although God condemns such things. We must not say anything about it—must not rebuke our neighbors, and not suffer sin upon him, because you will hurt somebody's feelings, and because they *think* that it would be wrong for *them* to injure others, or some man-stealer's feelings, by speaking the truth in love. Others are very ready, on some occasions, to say, that they are as good Abolitionists as anybody, *but* do not think that it is best to say so much about it as some do. They have as much sympathy for the slave as anybody, *but* what have we to do about it? We have done away our slavery; we set them the example, &c. Upon the same principle, what have we to do with the heathen? Where would such a principle lead to? What should we ever do for others, if all were influenced by such selfishness as this?

Others are ready to cry out, and say, O, you must not mingle religion with politics; what a horrid thing that would be. Now, it certainly seems to me that such men have read their Bible but little, or to little purpose. I have thought, sometimes, that such men would not be guilty of mingling much of religion with their politics, for this good season, that they had but little or no religion to mingle with their politics. If our religion is not to influence us in our politics, as well as in other things, of what kind of use or benefit is it to us, to have such a religion. Such a religion is no better to us than Popery or Mahometanism. Now, upon the same principle, what has religion to do with our farming, or dealing with our fellow-men? We may cheat them, or take all the advantage of them we can, but what has religion to do with it,—that is a distinct or separate thing entirely.—But oppression is wrong, I know, and ought to be abolished. But it is made a political question of; therefore we ought not to mingle it with religion. Religion forbids oppression I know, and religion forbids theft, but religion must not be mingled with politics, therefore we must not vote for laws to put down theft. Religion forbids murder, adultery, fornication, man-stealing; but religion must not be mingled with politics; therefore we must not vote for laws that condemn these crimes, because men that commit these things, will be excited, and you will hurt their feelings, and they will begin to think that you are in earnest, and mean to do something about it, or what you can at least. God has given us directions in His Word, and he will not hold us guiltless if we neglect his directions. Now, if we cannot go forward in our politics, and ask God to bless us in our cause, one of two things is true, either our politics are wrong, or our religion is wrong. Religion of the Bible is, obedience to God in all things; and we cannot obey, and disobey God at the same time. Now, he has given us directions how to choose our rulers, Deut. 16, 18—also what kind of rulers we are to choose,—men that are just, ruling in the fear of God; and citizens are to submit to such rulers as are put in according to his directions, and they are in this sense appointed by God through his people, and are ministers of God and will be a terror to evil doers. Now, can a man be an obedient child of God, when he might know his duty, and perhaps does know what God has commanded him to do, and yet goes and puts in men who are an abomination in His sight, and this, all for the sake of, as it were, mere party interest or feeling? How will they answer for all this at the great day of all accounts? But how is it that things have come to this state. One way is this: ministers have neglected to make known to their people, their duty on this subject, and politicians and wicked men have taken advantage of this—the South also,—and have divorced religion and politics from each other, and politics are so bad that Christians have left them in the hands of wicked men and devils, to manage; and to keep it still in their hands, they are ready now to raise the cry, you must not mingle your religion with politics, but go for such men as we tell you. So the North bows down to their moloch Slavery. God will certainly curse this nation if they do not repent, and obey him.

SELLING A MURDERER.—The New Orleans papers state that a slave who was sometime since convicted of murder in Maryland, and sold, that he might be taken from the State, has reached New Orleans, where he has, according to law, to be sold again,—one-half the proceeds going to the State, and the other to the informer. Here is a knotty point involved, which we commend to the consideration of the Doctors of Divinity, and such Doctors of Laws as Professor Lewis. Is it right to disobey the law of God, which they say enjoins the killing of a murderer, that the State may pocket what he would bring at the auction-block? As some of these doctors, moreover, maintain the divine sanction for Slavery, the question will be a still more difficult one for them, as it brings in conflict two laws of the Almighty. The slave, we presume, would care little which way it was settled. He would very likely as lief be hung as sold.

PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY.—The Democrats of Brookfield, Morgan county, Ia. have got ahead even of their Tammany Hall brethren. Here, the only "species of mankind" to which they are hostile, are the Whig species and the "nigger" species, but in Brookfield they even scorn such narrow bounds. Hear them At a meeting, in February, they passed, says an exchange paper, the following resolution by acclamation:

Resolved, That the Democracy of old Brookfield cast their banner to the breeze, having inscribed upon its ample folds, "equal rights," and *uncompromising hostility to every species of mankind*.

Honest fellows, those Brookfield Democrats, or else they blundered into a very wholesome truth.

HAYTI.—The United States Brig, Somers, it is said, will sail in a few days for Hayti, with despatches, the nature of which is not known. The slave-power has unquestionably some plan in contemplation in relation to that republic. It is to be hoped that means will be raised by the Massachusetts Society to carry into effect the proposition to send delegates to that island. The mission should not be delayed later than the coming Fall, and there is no man better qualified to expose the machinations of the slaveholders than David Lee Child.

HON. WILLIAM SAWYER, of Ohio, by whose motion the reporters of the Tribune were expelled from the floor of the House of Representatives, at Washington, for exposing his love of sausages and his habit of using his hand as a napkin, writes home to a friend as follows:

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1846.

* * * The Senate has not passed the Oregon Resolutions yet, and it is hard to tell what will be their fate. ☞ *We have* TRAITORS *in the Senate who would sell their country for a bale of cotton or a negro!! I yet hope* all will be right,

With great respect,
Your obedient servant.

Probably the honorable gentleman is afflicted with the popular horror for the assumed vulgarity of colored people. It is strange that so remarkable a lover of the unctious qualities of sausage-meat, should be squeamish about anything. But "*de gustibus*," &c.

☞ THE WOONSOCKET PATRIOT, of a week or two ago, has an excellent article on the "Crime of Color," in which it asserts that the Faculty of Dartmouth College have consented to receive colored students, and repeats the charge made against that of Brown University, that they have refused to do so. The charge is founded on a recent refusal to receive a colored applicant. As we have heard of but one such case, we think the Patriot is in error. If the editor will refer to the Standard of December —, he will find an explanation which has not been contradicted. By the bye, the "Practical Christian" has taken no notice of this matter. Does not *practical Christianity* include even justice?

"NEVER GIVE UP."—The London correspondent of the Boston Atlas says that Martin Farquhar Tupper, the author of the spirited lines of "Never Give Up," wrote them to cheer the drooping spirits of a dying father.

PATRIARCHAL CARE.—A late New Orleans paper advertises for sale at auction, "The negro man *Moses*, aged twenty-four years, a first-rate No. 1 *Engineer*." Of course he is held as a slave, because he can't take care of himself, though it is plain he can take care of a steamboat.

A VALUABLE WORK.—A volume, entitled the "Life and Times of Henry Clay," by Calvin Cotton, has been recently published in this city. The author, in his preface, says that the third chapter is devoted to the "moral and religious sentiments" of Mr. Clay. If the subject is treated with sincerity and truth, the chapter must be a very interesting and instructive one.

☞ It is stated by the Union Missionary, that CINQUE, the brave leader of the Amistad captives, has emigrated to Jamaica.

Died.

[COMMUNICATED.]

At his residence, in Philadelphia, on the 15th instant, DANIEL NEALL, in the 63d year of his age.

Another friend of freedom has fallen in our midst! The slave has lost another advocate, and the friends of the slave a valued, faithful, and long-tried fellow-laborer. The name of Daniel Neall is associated with the earliest history of the Anti-Slavery enterprise in Pennsylvania, and from its commencement he was its firm and unwavering friend. His house was ever the hospitable home of abolitionism, where its representatives, without distinction of sect or color, found a cordial welcome, and where, for many years, the most important councils of the Anti-Slavery movement in this State were held.

In those well-remembered days of trial, when the storms of persecution beat heavily upon us, and the faithful Abolitionist went abroad by day, and lay down at night, conscious that his property and his personal safety were at the mercy of an infuriate mob, our esteemed and lamented friend proved the firmness of his principles, and the strength of his moral courage. Few who witnessed it have forgotten that memorable night when Pennsylvania Hall was crowded with eager spectators, listening to the eloquent friends of freedom, who dared to advocate the cause of the slave amidst the frantic shoutings of a mob, who were thirsting for their blood. Nor can they have forgotten the calm serenity, the dignified self-possession with which Daniel Neall presided over the assembly on that thrilling occasion. On being privately advised of the manner in which the house was surrounded, of the imminent danger in which the audience was placed, and earnestly entreated to adjourn the meeting, his noble reply was, that the right to hold the meeting was undoubted,—and that if the people would remain, he would not adjourn it, though the rioters should enter the Hall, and offer him personal violence. This decision, no doubt, saved many lives, and it may be taken as a fair illustration of the good judgment, unwavering firmness, and unhesitating adherence to principle, which distinguished him through life.

Most of our readers will remember the evidence he gave of the same confidence in right, the same determined, though peaceful opposition to wrong, when, on a visit, a few years since, to Delaware, his native State, he endured the insults of another band of riotous opponents of Anti-Slavery.

But we do not pretend to recount the many examples of devotedness to the cause which his life furnished.—They who know him will remember them long and well. *He was the friend of the poor—of the poorest of the poor.* The philanthropist mourns a brother fallen. But being dead, he still speaks to us in the memory of his life; bidding us work while the day lasts, and reminding us that "the time is short."

The following notice from the Friends' Intelligencer, is so just a testimony to the worth of his general character, that we cannot forbear copying it:

Daniel Neall, is a name associated with many of the noblest attributes of our nature—and the announcement of his departure, will bring sorrow to many hearts.

He was a man, possessing unusual force of character; he had a vigorous mind—clear judgment—enlarged and chastened benevolence—unbending firmness—and unimpeachable integrity. Few have given higher evidence of being true to themselves—of occupying the talents committed to them, and acting with fidelity, the part assigned them, by an All-wise Creator.

Deeply imbued with the principles of Christianity, and having himself passed through the valley of affliction, his sympathies knew no bounds—where suffering existed, his heart was ever ready to feel, and, if prudence warranted, his hand was open to bestow.

Born and educated in the midst of Slavery, he regarded the system with unmixed abhorrence, and devoted much of his time, and means, in endeavors for its overthrow.

The colored race found in him a steady friend, and an earnest advocate. He labored much to secure them their rights, and one of the last acts of his life, was an effort to diminish the unchristian prejudice, which so cruelly afflicts them.

At the time of his decease, and for many years previously, he filled the station of overseer in the Monthly Meeting of Friends, of Philadelphia, held at Cherry street; and the faithfulness with which he exercised his peculiar qualifications for that station, will leave an enduring impression behind him.

Industrious, and self-relying, he attained a high eminence in his worldly profession, and was blessed with means for extended beneficence. How he exercised his stewardship over these, many grateful hearts can testify. But, adversity and prosperity found him alike unostentatious and dignified; regardless of the frivolities of life, and ever ready to appreciate its obligations; plainness and simplicity marked his character in a striking degree. Having his example before us—while our hearts are filled with sorrow for our loss—let us bear in mind, that

"He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire."

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* Italy in England. *Miscellany:* Playing on one String; Six Months at Graefenberg; Capital Punishment.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* The Institution of Slavery, as it Exists Among us—Dr. Estes' proposed work; The Deceits of Philanthropists. *Peculiar Institution:* From the South—A Slave Shot; A Hard Case—Slavery. *Selections:* The Trial of Rev. R. H. Deming, &c.; Dignified Legislation; A Spirit at Work; The Kidnappers.

SECOND PAGE.—Visit of the Hutchinson Family to the State Prison; Letter from Wm. H. Seward; Mountain Boys; Correspondence of True American; Prayer and Slavery; That Shout; The Kidnappers and the Law.

THE RURAL FAIR.
Fourth of July at Dedham.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in MASSACHUSETTS, will be made at the "TEMPERANCE GROVE," DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the *present* service of righteous principle, by making it a holyday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition, and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause, may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
For the Managers.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Twenty-Six Days Later from Europe.

The steamer Unicorn, Capt. Dallimore, arrived at Boston, on Friday last, having sailed from Liverpool, March 19. The Caledonia arrived on Monday, bringing advices from Liverpool to the 4th, and London to the 3d instant.

The war in India has been brought to a termination, after two more victories over the Sikhs. The first was under the command of Sir H. Smith, and the latter Sir Hugh Gough, which was, perhaps, one of the most bloody on record. In Sir H. Smith's battle, the whole army of the enemy has been driven headlong over the difficult ford of a broad river; his camp, cannon, (56 pieces,) baggage, stores of ammunition and of grain—his all, in fact, wrested from him by the repeated charges of cavalry and infantry; and in that of Sir Hugh Gough's the Sikhs lost 12,000 men and 65 pieces of artillery. The English had 300 men killed, 13 of whom were officers, and 2,500 wounded, of whom 101 were officers. Her Majesty's 53d and 62d regiments suffered enormously. General Dicke and Brigadier Taylor are among the dead.

The action commenced in the morning, and the work of destruction had closed by eleven o'clock, in the forenoon. Sir H. Gough's account of this battle proves it to have been, while it lasted, one of the most terrific on record. Unlike the able manœuvring of Sir H. Smith, this affair seems to have owed its success to the daring intrepidity of our men, who stormed the enemy's entrenchments, bayonet in hand, defended as they were by 30,000 Sikhs and 70 pieces of artillery. The slaughter was immense, for our troops braved the enemy's fire by reserving their shot until they got within his entrenchments. The horrors of war are painted with appalling power in the few brief sentences of the victorious commander. The action terminated in the complete route of the enemy, the capture of his guns, and the loss of his camp and baggage. An awful sacrifice of life took place on the Sutlej, in attempting to cross which, our troops mowed down thousands of the flying foe, and those who escaped the fire were drowned in the stream. This victory has put the finishing stroke to the war. It has brought the Sikhs to their knees—and they are now humble suppliants for our mercy and forbearance. They have agreed to pay a million and a half sterling, in the course of four years, towards the expenses of the war, the payment to be enforced by the occupation of Lahore.

Commercial.—The commercial accounts from all parts of the country are desponding and gloomy. With the solitary exception of the iron trade, in which great activity prevails, owing to temporary causes, there is not a branch of manufacturing industry which is not suffering more or less under paralysis. In many of the manufacturing towns there are thousands of workmen out of employment; the markets for all descriptions of produce are in a state of stagnation; stocks are daily on the increase, with sinking prices and a diminishing consumption; and, in short, a condition of things exist which threatens to suspend all the ordinary functions of commercial and manufacturing industry.

The cotton market, more especially, is laboring under the effects of the general depression. The estimates of the new crop are now reduced to two millions of bales; and yet, in the face of this falling off in the staple, the price continues so low, that the rates which rule in this market involve a loss of not less than twenty shillings per bale, on a comparison with the prices which prevail in America!

The money market is in a very unsatisfactory state. Cash is scarce and dear, and nothing but first-rate paper, and that at short dates, stands the least chance of discount in the London market.

Parliamentary.—English politics centre, at the present moment, in two measures—the English Tariff and the Irish Coercion Bill; the bane and antidote of the Government. The latter measure is being fiercely assailed, and, in truth, with much force, by the opposition; for it proceeds upon a principle repugnant to every principle of civil liberty—that of punishing the innocent with the guilty.

The news from France is not important.

Spain is in a most agitated state, and appears to be on the eve of some great convulsion. There had been yet another change of Ministry; at least a resignation of the lately formed Cabinet, originating, it is said, in a disagreement with the Queen, concerning the liberty of the press.

A debate of a conciliatory character on the Oregon question, took place in the House of Lords, on the 17th ultimo. The Government had made no movement, however, and the English journals of the latest dates are nearly silent on the subject.

Switzerland and Italy were in a very uneasy condition. The breaking out of the Polish insurrection gave an impulse to the widely prevalent feeling of discontent in both these countries, and though there had been no decided outbreak, the Governments were alarmed, and strengthening their means of repression at all points.

Unfavorable accounts had been received from New Zealand. The forces at the command of the new Governor proved altogether inadequate, and the hostile natives, in overpowering numbers, were threatening the foreigners on every hand. There seems to have been some severe fighting, in which the natives had been victorious; but as yet we have not been able to find the particulars.

Letters from Persia announce that the cholera is making frightful ravages in the interior of Asia. This scourge, which has travelled through Cabool, has already penetrated nearly as far as Tehran.

The Polish insurrection continued to engage a good deal of attention, and considerable movements of Russian, Prussian, and Austrian troops, had been ordered in consequence, and energetic measures were resorted to by the three Governments.

These measures seem likely to bring the insurrection to a speedy termination. The London Times expresses to the opinion that the affair is already virtually at an end. The Austrian and Russian troops had taken possession of Cracow, and the Polish army had abandoned the province of Cracow, and repaired to Russian Poland and Galicia.

A subscription has been opened in Paris for the aid of the Poles. A third part of the members of the Chamber of Deputies, and the pupils of the several Government schools had subscribed, but the amounts were small.

The condition of Ireland is more than once alluded to in the Parliamentary proceedings. It is evident that the effects of the potato disease are more and more severely felt. The competition between sellers, who wished to dispose of their crops before they should be attacked by the disease, has naturally kept the price heretofore, lower than it would naturally have been in view of approaching famine. This relief, if it may be called such, is now coming to an end, and the provisions made by Government and others, are proved to have been necessary. We notice a proposition for the establishment of public fever hospitals in Ireland.

The Polish Insurrection.—The *Journal des Debats* publishes the following letter from Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, dated 17th ultimo, which gives some fresh details relative to the acts of pillage and outrage committed by the peasants of that province:

"We live in a state of the greatest suspense and terror. No one dares venture to write; but supposing that you will be uneasy respecting us, I feel it to be my duty to make an effort to acquaint you with the horrors by which we are surrounded.

"The massacres which commenced more than a month ago, at Tarnow, have spread, it is said, to the left bank of the Vistula, to the *ci-devant* kingdom of Poland, and to the territory of Cracow. In those three, the most populous and formerly the richest circles of Galicia, scarcely a single proprietor remains; all have either been killed or have fled. All the houses have been plundered. In the circle of Tarnow, only six proprietors have escaped the general massacre.

"The beautiful estates of Gorky and Gliny, belonging to the Princess de Digny, wife of the Belgian Ambassador in Paris, have been completely devastated, and nearly all the persons employed upon them have been massacred. On the dominions of Prince Ladislas Sangurz o (who fortunately was absent) the stewards and nearly all the persons employed there have been pitilessly massacred. In some parts the peasants proceeded to act in a systematic sort of way, as though they were obeying with docile submission the merciless orders which they had received.

"When they presented themselves at the chateau of Count Kotarski, that nobleman, who was like a real father to them, attempted to convince them of the heinousness of their conduct. They listened to him with great calmness, and then coolly informed him that he must prepare to die. He then requested time to prepare himself for that awful event, which request was acceded to, the peasants even sending for the curé of the village. As soon as the Count (who was universally respected) had been confessed, the peasants stabbed him with pikes and poignards.

"In another district the peasants, furious and thirsting for blood, stormed the chateau of the Countess Morska, and assassinated her husband, her brother, and her mother-in-law. The Countess herself succeeded in escaping with her two infants in her arms, and took refuge at the cottage of one of the villagers. She there disguised her children in some coarse clothes, and blackened their faces with soot, and then concealed herself in the loft. The peasants, however, discovered her retreat, and dragging her to a tavern in the village, they compelled her to drink a quantity of brandy with them.

"After this orgie they perpetrated the most horrid crimes upon that young and beautiful creature. They then left her in a ditch in a state of insensibility, where she was discovered by an Austrian officer, who brought her to the town of Tarnow.

"Some of the Austrian officers behaved most humanely, purchasing from the peasants the children of the proprietors, who were destined to be butchered, at forty kreutzers (about 15d) per head.

"The Government will no doubt (although it has not yet done so) take measures to put a stop to these horrors. That which tends to increase the audacity of the peasants yet more, is the idea entertained by them that they will be recompensed for committing these abominable atrocities."

Important from Mexico—Another Revolution.

From the New Orleans Tropic, April 11.

The bark Mandarin, Captain Colley, arrived this morning from Vera Cruz, which port she left on the 3d instant, at noon. Captain C. reports that just before he left, he met Mr. Dimond, United States Consul, who said to him that if he wanted to see fun, he had better wait until 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour the Republicans and Santa Anna party, united, were to declare against the Government. Captain Colley further reports, that Mr. Dimond informed him that the Government troops were so disposed of that they could not act against the insurgents. Further news will be anxiously looked for.

Correspondence of the Mobile Herald, April 11.

PENSACOLA, April 8, 1846.

The United States brig Porpoise, arrived here from the Brazos de Santiago, with intelligence that our army was occupying the banks of the Rio Grande. About one hundred and fifty Mexicans met General Taylor to dispute or rather protest against his advancing any farther, and sent in a message to the General to that effect, and an answer was quickly returned that if they did not vacate their places they should be dispersed by other means. Such scampering was never seen. The United States steam frigate, Mississippi, has just this moment come to anchor off the yard from Vera Cruz. The news brought by her is anticipated to be very important, but there has been no communication with her as yet, she barely having clewed up her sails. You shall hear all the news by the next mail.

From the New Orleans Courier, April 11.

It was reported that there was to be a revolution at Vera Cruz on the evening of the 3d.

It was said all the soldiers had been confined in prison by the party of Santa Anna, who was expected soon to arrive in Mexico.

His Excellency, the President *ad interim*, has decreed as follows:

Whereas, in consequence of the present position of the country, menaced with foreign war, and a large and precious part of her territory invaded, the time has arrived for operating with the greatest activity and energy, in order to repulse the most unjust of aggressions, recover the usurped territory, and preserve the honor and dignity of the nation: Whereas, to insure the attainment of this all important object, it is absolutely necessary to secure good order and peace within the republic, in pursuance of the powers granted me by article 4, &c. I hereby decree:

Art. 1. The Government will appoint Governors of Departments without regarding appointments proposed by Assemblies, as the nation is in the condition contemplated by the last paragraph of faculty 17th, of article 134 of the organic basis.

Art. 2. In Departments where, by opposition to the present state of things, the Assemblies are dissolved, the Governors, with the approbation of the Supreme Government, shall appoint members to form the same, as they shall think proper, as it is neither just nor proper that the corporations should be deprived of the services of those corporations.

Art. 3. For the same reason, the Governors are authorized to organize the municipalities where they have been dissolved.

Art. 4. Governors will be held responsible for the strict execution of the circular of December 24, of last year (relative to suspected persons.)

Art. 5. The Governors of Departments will have power, in extraordinary cases, to adopt efficient measures, sufficiently urgent to save the independence and integrity of the national territory, and preserve tranquillity and order, without which the prosperity of the nation cannot be maintained. God and Liberty.

(Signed) CASTILLO LANZAS.

Mexico, 13th March, 1846.

From the New Orleans Delta, April 13.

We find in *El Expectador* of the 21st, that General Don Nicholas Bravo had been appointed Governor of the city of Mexico, and that he had taken possession of his post.

General Paredes had issued a circular prohibiting by the public press the expression of opinion relating to any form of government, or the publishing of anything whatever in respect to the change that was proposed by one party and disapproved by another. And it was recommended that the laws concerning the "freedom of the press" should be strictly observed by every one.

The editors of *El Contratiempo*, *El Monitor Republicano*, *La Reforma*, *El Republicano*, and *Don Simplicio*, had signed and published a protest against this high-handed measure, and claimed the right, as organs of public opinion, of freely promulgating it.

A young man named Don Miguel Buenrosto, a lawyer's clerk, had been arrested, and sent under escort to San Juan de Ulloa, for holding in his possession some printed slips which were not in any respect flattering to the Government.

By a decree of General Paredes, we see that—"considering the state in which the nation finds itself menaced by a foreign war, and a great portion of its territory invaded by its enemies, the time has arrived in which the Mexican Government must proceed with the greatest activity and energy to repel the most unjust of aggressions, and to recover the usurped territory—and in order to preserve the honor and dignity of the republic, it is necessary and indispensable to secure the order and peace of the interior; the President has therefore determined that hereafter the Government will name and appoint the Governors of the departments without being obliged to await the proposals of Assemblies, the nation finding itself in the extraordinary circumstances which are mentioned at the end of clause 17th, of the 134th article of the organical foundations."

Sr. D. Francisco Arrangoiz y Berabzal, late Mexican consul in this city, has been appointed consul for the port of Havana; and Don Juan Fernandez de la Vega, present consul of Havana, for the port of Barcelona; also, Sr. Don Santiago Blanco for the port of Corunna, in Spain.

General Ampudia had departed with his troops from San Luis Potosi, to join the army on the frontier. General Mejia, in a communication to the Minister of War, dated Matamoras, 6th March, stated, that he was about marching, with seven hundred infantry and three pieces of artillery, to Arroyo, Colorado.

Passengers on board the Mandarin, state with great confidence, that a revolution against Paredes and the monarchical party, sustained by the republicans and the friends of Santa Anna, was on the point of breaking out at Vera Cruz, with every prospect of success—indeed it was expected that the explosion would take place on the day that the vessel sailed.

The Mexican fleet, such as it is, has been taken up the Alvarado, some eighteen miles from its mouth, for safety, and it is reported that all the American, English, and French officers have left.

From St. Domingo.—By the brig Majestic, Capt. True, we are in possession of the following intelligence: The political affairs of the Island remain much the same as per last advices, with the exception of a strong jealousy, which is beginning to show itself among the blacks, toward the white population.

The navy of the Dominicans, is in a most miserable state—their vessels are manned with men who are pressed, and forced on board, without clothes, only half fed, and paid equal to about three Spanish dollars per month, in paper currency. They have no order, or discipline, on board, nor even a code of laws, for their regulation.

Capt. Farnham, while in command of the ship Seabot, formerly bark Alert, of New-York, was publicly attacked in the street, a few days since, by a black, and his friends, with whom he had had some difficulty on board, and it was supposed by foreigners generally, that if he had used any weapon in defence, he would have been instantly massacred. Capt. Farnham immediately left his ship, and called on the Government, which has promised him, satisfactory redress, but it is thought, they dare not punish the offenders, for fear of creating a disturbance among the blacks. The brig Othello, with a Circus company on board, called here, and asked permission to perform, but was denied, on account of the unsettled state of affairs.—*Tribune.*

General Items.

Mount Benedict.—We hear that over *seventy thousand dollars* has been recently offered for Mount Benedict, the site of the late Catholic Nunnery, in Somerville. The original cost to the Catholic Bishop, and his associates, we believe, was *six thousand dollars!* The reply to the offer, as we are told, was, that they sometimes buy, but never sell such property.—*Charlestown Aurora.*

Excellent.—We learn from the Salem Observer, that a verdict was rendered in court, last week, that must be gratifying to every friend of good order. Several months ago, a man was expelled from the cars of the Eastern Railroad, for violating the well-known, and wholesome regulation of the Directors, respecting smoking. For this expulsion, the individual brought an action against Mr. Kinsman, the worthy, and gentlemanly superintendent of the road. Mr. Kinsman was acquitted by the jury, and for this, we think, the public has reason to be truly thankful.—*Boston Journal.*

Crime in Virginia.—Almost every day brings us reports of murders in adjacent counties. In Prince William, we hear that a Mr. Gosling cut the throat of a Mr. Godfrey, by which he died instantaneously. It is said they were travelling together; and jealousy is assigned as the cause of the offence. Gosling is in jail. In Rappahannock, a Mr. Corley shot a Mr. Dare who has since died. It is said they were wrestling, and Dare threw Corley, when the latter seized his gun and shot the former through the abdomen. Corley has absconded. In Culpepper, a negro man is in jail for an attempt to poison his mistress, Mrs. Thomson, and family. Only Mrs. Thomson and one daughter took the poison. The daughter is well; but the mother is yet ill.—*Warrenton Flag.*

A genius in Illinois, by the name of Robinson, has issued a prospectus for the *World's Regenerator*, which he proposes to publish weekly at Galena. He says, among other things, that "the *Regenerator* will advocate whatever tends to the amelioration of man's condition while in a state of probation. It will extend its benign influences from the East to the West—from the North to the South. It will teach Kings, Nobles, Presidents, Governors, and judges, and all other rulers, to remember truth, and administer to all equity and justice, and stop not their ears to the cries of the people."

Another Slaver Taken.—The National Intelligencer learns that the Northumberland, from the United States, at the Island of St. John's has been captured by a Brazilian schooner of war, for being engaged in the slave-trade. It is suggested that the vessel is probably the Terra Fogo, now under the Brazilian flag.

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

C. C. Burleigh will lecture in

West Brookfield,	Thursday,	April	16
Palmer,	Thursday,	"	23
South Wareham,	Saturday,	"	25

Giles B. Stebbins will lecture in

Hollston,	Friday,	April	17
Grafton,	Friday,	"	24

Thomas T. Stone, lately from Maine, Agent of the Massachusetts A. S. Society, will lecture in

Waltham,	Monday,	April	20
Bedford,	F iday,	"	24
Concord,	Sunday,	"	26
Acton,	Tuesday,	"	28
Groton,	Wednesday,	"	29
Lowell,	Thursday,	"	30

The friends of freedom in all the above mentioned towns, are urged to co-operate with these able and devoted lecturers, by securing to them convenient places for their meetings—giving extended notices—and conveying them from place to place without charge.

LORING MOODY,
General Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society hereby give notice that the TWELFTH NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, will be held in Boston, on TUESDAY, the 26th of May, 1846, at 10 o'clock, A. M.; and will continue in session for three days. In performing this duty, the Board would urge upon its members, and friends, and the members, and friends of the American A. S Society, in all parts of New England, and the country, to assemble, in large numbers, for mutual counsel and encouragement, at this most important point in the history of our cause, and of our country. The triumphant supremacy of the slave power in the councils of the nation, consequent on the annexation of Texas; the dastardly submission of Massachusetts, and the other free States, to this revolutionary outrage; the guilty silence of the Church, in view of the accumulating horrors, and indefinite extension of Slavery; all demand prompt and vigorous measures on the part of those who believe, RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS, TO BE OBEDIENCE TO GOD. A prominent subject for consideration, will be the maturing, and adopting, of a system of combined, and extensive agitation for the DISSOLUTION OF THE EXISTING UNION OF THESE STATES, and the abrogation of the base, cruel, and wicked Constitution that now binds them together in a compact, alike fatal to the hopes of the slave, and to the rights of the nominally free. The great question of DISSOLUTION, as the only salvation of the country, will be fully discussed; its philosophy, and method set forth; its expediency, and necessity enforced. Let all come up prepared to unite in an emphatic utterance of their sense of this necessity, and in a firm determination to make a resolute, and united effort to hasten its accomplishment.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!!!"

FRANCIS JACKSON, *Pres't.*

NOTICE

It will be remembered by those interested, that the "Marlborough Conference" adjourned to meet in "People's Hall," Ecclesdun, on the 25th of this month, but after consultation with many Friends, it has been deemed advisable to postpone the meeting a week later, to 7th day, the 2d of 5th month, owing to a "protracted meeting which is to be held on the 25th, at Hamorton," Chester county dedicatory of a Free Hall, which is to be opened on that day.

The "Conference" will, therefore, assemble on the 2d of next month, at 10 o'clock, A. M. when, and where, it is hoped, we shall be encouraged with a large gathering of the *free*.

J. FULTON, Jr.

MIDDLESEX, AWAKE!!

The members and friends of the Middlesex County Anti-Slavery Society are requested to meet in Convention, at Lowell, on Thursday, the 30th instant, to continue through the following day. While the Legislature of Massachusetts, and the mass of her people, are dumbly subservient to the demands of the slave-power, it becomes the friends of freedom to stand erect, and by a bold and manly defence of the right, to administer a proper rebuke to those cowardly time-servers; and it is hoped that the present crisis will bring together at Lowell, the largest number of the true-hearted, ever convened in Middlesex county. William Lloyd Garrison, Parker Pillsbury, C. Lenox Remond, William A. White, Thomas T. Stone, and Loring Moody, will be present.

The meeting will commence at 10 A. M.; place notified in the handbills. The friends in Lowell, and others who can co-operate with them, are urged to make all necessary arrangements immediately.

L. MOODY, *Gen'l Ag't Mass. A. S. Soc.*

ANNIVERSARY IN MAY.

The friends of the abolition of Capital Punishment throughout the United States, are earnestly requested to be represented at the meeting of the New-York State Society, to be held in this city on Monday, May the 11th. Among the speakers expected to address this meeting, are Hon. Robert Rantoul, Vice President Dallas, Rev. John Pierpont, Horace Greeley, Rev. E. H. Chapin, Charles C. Burleigh, Rev J. N. Maffit, Parke Godwin, J. L. O'Sullivan, Rev. W. H. Channing, and Prof. Patterson, of Philadelphia.

JOSIAH HOPPER, *Sec.* W. T. McCOUN, *Pres.*

☞ Papers friendly, please copy.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One (Parker Pillsbury) is already in the field. Several others will soon enter. It is desirable so to arrange their labors in connection with other anti-slavery agencies, as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. Of these, the quarterly meetings of the county societies may be justly regarded as among the most efficient.

It is now proposed to the friends in the several counties, to hold their quarterly meetings in the following order, as nearly at regular intervals as may be, throughout the year, viz:

Norfolk,	Thursday,	April	2
Middlesex,	Tuesday,	"	28
Essex,	Saturday,	May	9
Middlesex,	"	"	23
Worcester North,	Thursday	June	4
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	17
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	30
Bristol,	Wednesday,	July	15
Plymouth,	First of August celebration.		
Essex,	Thursday	August	13
Middlesex,	Wednesday,	"	26
Worcester North,	Tuesday,	Sept,	8

Poetry.

From "Bells and Pomegranates," by Robert Browning.

ITALY IN ENGLAND.

That second time they hunted me
From hill to plain, from shore to sea,
And Austria, hounding far and wide
Her blood-hounds through the country-side,
Breathed hot and instant on my trace,
I made six days a hiding-place
Of that dry green old aqueduct
Where I and Charles, when boys, have plucked
The fire-flies from the roof above,
Bright creeping through the moss they love.
—How long it seems since Charles was lost!
Six days the soldiers crossed and crossed
The country in my very sight;
And when that peril ceased at night,
The sky broke out in red dismay
With signal-fires; well, there I lay
Close covered o'er in my recess,
Up to the neck in ferns and cress,
Thinking on Metternich, our friend,
And Charles's miserable end,
And much beside, two days; the third,
Hunger o'ercame me when I heard
The peasants from the village go
To work among the maize: you know,
With us, in Lombardy, they bring
Provisions packed on mules, a string
With little bells that cheer their task,
And casks, and boughs on every cask
To keep the sun's heat from the wine;
These I let pass in jingling line,
And, close on them, dear noisy crew,
The peasants from the village, too;
For at the very rear would troop
Their wives and sisters in a group,
To help, I knew; when these had passed,
I threw my glove to strike the last,
Taking the chance: she did not start,
Much less cry out, but stopped apart
One instant, rapidly glanced round,
And saw me beckon from the ground:
A wild bush grows and hides my crypt;
She picked my glove up while she stripped
A branch off, then rejoined the rest
With that; my glove lay in her breast:
Then I drew breath: they disappeared:
It was for Italy I feared.

An hour, and she returned alone
Exactly where my glove was thrown.
Meanwhile came many thoughts; on me
Rested the hopes of Italy;
I had devised a certain tale
Which, when 't was told her, could not fail
Persuade a peasant of its truth;
This hiding was a freak of youth;
I meant to give her hopes of pay,
And no temptation to betray.
But when I saw that woman's face,
Its calm simplicity of grace,
Our Italy's own attitude
In which she walked thus far, and stood,
Planting each naked foot so firm,
To crush the snake and spare the worm—
At first sight of her eyes, I said,
"I am that person on whose head
They fix the price, because I hate
The Austrians over us: the State
Will give you gold—oh, gold so much,
If you betray me to their clutch!
And be your death, for aught I know,
If once they find you saved their foe.
Now, you must bring me food and drink,
And also paper, pen, and ink,
And carry safe what I shall write
To Padua, which you'll reach at night
Before the Duomo shuts; go in,
And wait till Tenebræ begin;
Walk to the Third Confessional,
Between the pillar and the wall,
And kneeling, whisper *whence comes peace?*
Say it a second time; then cease;
And if the voice inside returns,
From Christ and Freedom; what concerns
The cause of Peace?—for answer, slip
My letter where you placed your lip:
Then come back happy, we have done
Our mother service—I, the son,
As you the daughter of our land!"

Three mornings more, she took her stand
In the same place, with the same eyes:
I was no surer of sun-rise
Than of her coming: we conferred
Of her own prospects, and I heard
She had a lover—stout and tall,
She said—then let her eyelids fall,
"He could do much,"—as if some doubt
Entered her heart,—then, passing out,
"She could not speak for others—who
Had other thoughts; herself she knew:"
And so she brought me drink and food.
After four days, the scouts pursued
Another path: at last arrived
The help my Paduan friends contrived
To furnish me: she brought the news:
For the first time I could not choose
But kiss her hand, and lay my own
Upon her head—"This faith was shown
To Italy, our mother;—she
Uses my hand and blesses thee!"
She followed down to the sea-shore;
I left, and never saw her more.

How very long since I have thought
Concerning—much less wished for—aught
Beside the good of Italy,
For which I live and mean to die!
In love I never was; and since
Charles proved false, nothing could convince
My inmost heart I had a friend;
However, if I pleased to spend
Real wishes on myself—say, three—
I know at least what one should be;
I would grasp Metternich until
I felt his red wet throat distil
In blood through these two hands: and next,
—Nor much for that am I perplexed—
Charles, perjured traitor, for his part,
Should die slow of a broken heart
Under his new employers—last,
—Ah, there, what should one wish? For fast
Do I grow old and out of strength;
If I resolved to seek at length
My father's house again, how scared
They all would look, and unprepared!
My brothers live in Austria's pay,
—Disowned me long ago, men say;
And all my early mates who used
To praise me so—perhaps induced
More than one early step of mine—
Are turning wise; while part opine
"Freedom grows License," part suspect
"Haste breeds Delay," and recollect
They always said such premature
Beginnings never could endure:
So with a sullen "All 's for best,"
The land seems settling to its rest.
I think, then, I should wish to stand
This evening in that dear, lost land,
Over the sea the thousand miles,
And know if yet that woman smiles
With the calm smile—some little farm
She lives in there, no doubt—what harm
If I sate on the door-side bench,
And while her spindle made a trench
Fantastically in the dust,
Inquired of all her fortunes—just
Her children's ages and their names,
And what may be the husband's aims
For each of them—I 'd talk this out,
And sit there, for an hour about,
Then kiss her hand once more, and lay
Mine on her head, and go my way.

So much for idle wishing—how
It steals the time! To business now!

Miscellany.

From the Knickerbocker.

PLAYING ON ONE STRING.

BY HARRY FRANCO.

Musical critics affect a contempt for artists who court popular applause, in imitation of Paganini, by playing on one string. But all great men have been one-string performers; and it was by this method alone that the great *maestro* gained his fame and fortune. In no other manner can the world be prevailed upon to shell out its praises and pennies. The keen-eyed world is very justly suspicious of the prodigy who beats a drum with his elbows, while his hands are engaged with a pair of cymbals, and his lips discoursing with a pandean pipe. Too many cooks are not more certain to spoil the broth than too many broths to spoil the cook. The admirable Crichton has had the reputation of being a many-stringed performer, but as he left no evidence of his greatness behind him, we have always suspected him of being little better than an admirable humbug. The world has yet to see the genius who excels in two things. The division of labor began in the beginning: Tubal Cain was a worker in brass, but his brother was a musician. They perceived in those early days that life was short, though it was something longer than at present, a few hundred years or so; and discovered the necessity of every man confining himself to one business. They saw that dates and figs never grew on the same tree, and wisely inferred that the human plant was intended to bear but one kind of fruit. One of the surest indications of a small genius is an aptness for everything. Jacks-of-all-trades are proverbially good at none. People who are everything in "one revolving moon," remain nothings all their lives.

There is a division of genius as of labor. The *faits accompli* of the moral world form a piece of mosaic, but the *faits* of which it is composed are jewels by themselves, not worthless bits of color, which are only valuable when set. Unless a character will shine by itself it is not worth setting in the great mosaic work of history. There are no variegated jewels. The diamond, the ruby, the emerald, each has a hue of its own. But stones of lesser value are parti-colored. There are some seeming exceptions to this rule; Michael Angelo, Da Vinci, Goëthe, Sheridan, and Scott. But these are only seeming exceptions; they were emphatically one-string performers. Leonardo Da Vinci came the nearest to a many-string player of any man in history. But in spite of his music and mathematics, the world knows him only as the painter of the Last Supper, and of the Logos. Michael Angelo was nothing as an artist (do n't be alarmed!) in the sense in which Titian and Phidias were artists. He had tremendous thoughts, and he employed the plastic arts to give them expression, as Dante would have done, if he had not been gifted with the greater faculty of language. A sentence of Dante or Milton will produce as stupendous an image as Saint Peter's. They worked in words, but Michael worked in stone and plaster. The two capacities of expression have never yet been greatly held by the same individual. Moore said of Sheridan, "He touched every string of the lyre, and was master of all," or something to that effect. But he was master of none, and only clever on one. It is not easy to say from which he drew the loudest sound. The mocking-bird can imitate the notes of all other fowls, but he has no music of his own; his genius lies in mimicry, not in music. The great Newton said there was no such thing as genius; labor did all. But he was careful to attempt nothing for which his genius did not qualify him. He discovered the centre of gravity with ease, but he might have labored his lifetime without discovering the centre of wit, which his contemporary Swift did without labor. Those philosophers who believe in Newton's saying, should attempt to play like De Meyer, or plead like Webster. Probably they will say they could if they should try; as the clown said he did n't know whether he could play on the violin as he had never tried.

There is no universality of genius; all men have an appointed use, and the great cause of distress in the world arises from men not being put to their proper employment. Social laws make mongrels of men. If every one had his appointed place, life would be like a "roundelay that 's sweetly played in tune." Two of a trade would then always agree, and we should have one proverb less. Men exactly adapted to their employments are now so rare that when one is found he is reckoned a prodigy. It requires a *bouleversement* to produce a batch of heroes, because when society is shaken up men naturally fall into their right places. The three great revolutions brought out Cromwell, Washington, and Napoleon. But for the shaking up in France, what a host of immortals would have remained in the obscurity of coopers' shops and cafés, and instead of having statues erected in their honor, would have been buried without the compliment of a head-stone! The chance of a man being born into the situation which he is best qualified to fill, is one to a million. Genius sometimes breaks his shackles, but it is melancholy to think of the mute Miltons of whom we have never heard. Poverty is not the only bar to distinction; on the contrary, men of rank generally rise from the ranks. The poor are without restraint; they may rise if they can; but the rich have generally the dead weight of a pre-determined occupation tied to their heels. It is often a misfortune to be born in what are called fortunate circumstances. The road to ruin generally lies through the demesnes of a rich father. If there have been Giffords confined in a stall, there have also been cobblers cribbed in colleges. Many an inglorious wearer of a crown might have been respected as the wearer of an apron. Louis XVI. would have made an excellent pastry cook, and George the Fourth, instead of being despised as a king, might have won universal respect as a barber. President—but 't is too soon to talk of presidents. We are surprised at seeing a man do a variety of things, but we are not instructed. Versatility is but a synonyme for mediocrity. One art is enough for one life. By doing one thing with constancy and affection we inevitably do it well, provided it be the one thing which we most desire to do. Men are slaves who labor in an ungenial sphere, though they eat their own wages, but Plautus was a freeman when he wrote comedies, though his master took his hire. Authors are sometimes admonished, particularly in this country, where men are pretty certain to starve by authorship, to secure some certain means of subsistence before venturing in their "dreadful trade." But why authors should be advised in this way more than other men, is not easily discovered. Those who embark in literature with such precautions, will be very certain of needing some other reward than their authorship will bring them. A physician who should think of securing an income by preaching, that he might the more safely practice in his profession, would be about as likely to meet with success as an author who should commence business as a jobber, to enable him to compose a history or a poem. Let the jobber stick to his merchandise, and the author to his books; they will both do better for being kept apart. The majority of mankind have healthy bodies and sound minds, and are supposed to be capable of anything. They stay where they are put, and only aim to make themselves comfortable; if they are behind a counter it is well; if in the pulpit, or at the bar, it is all the same. They die, and make no sign, and leave the world as they found it. They are not performers on one string, nor indeed, performers at all. What do they perform? They are the people, not individuals. Sometimes half a dozen of them are swallowed up under one short name, as Brown & Co.; three or four of the same family are often deemed of so little consequence as individuals, that they designate themselves simply Jones Brothers, or Smith & Sons; or collateral branches of the same family may be included under the firm of Cripps & Nephews. Then we encounter a string of them who wish to preserve their individuality, and tie their names together after this fashion: Wilkins, Tomkins & Watkins. But what Wilkins? what Tomkins and Watkins? Nobody can tell. Again we meet with a near approach to an individual. Two men find it convenient to make a union of forces, but one of them wishes to preserve his identity, so he calls himself P. Q. Davis & Winkle. In a little time and even P. Q. Davis will be lost in the mass, and there will be nothing left of him but his virtues, which will be heard of for the first time by the stone-cutter.

Shakspeare was a player on one string; ah! and what a performer! Dryden, like Sheridan, touched every string of the lyre, and was hardly master of one. He wrote forty odd plays, not one of which is either acted or played at this day. The late Stuart Newton used to tell an amusing story about one of his pupils, whose father had an ambition that he should become an artist. The boy had worked dismally enough for a week with his chalk, when the painter found him in tears; on being asked the cause of his grief, the victim of misdirected ambition replied, "I do n't want to be a hartist; I wants to be a butcher!" Fortunately for this young hopeful he had fallen into merciful hands; and now, instead of being a miserable spoiler of canvas, he may be a happy retailer of joints in Clare market. He may be an alderman; an honor which no artist has ever attained to, though many butchers have; it being an universal rule in municipal affairs, that the lowest employments produce the best legislators and magistrates.

Men fritter away their lives with us in attempting to do everything, and therefore we have produced fewer great men, in proportion to our population, than any other civilized people. The majority of our prominent politicians come from the slave States; they nearly monopolize the highest national offices, and that part of the country has become a nursery for statesmen, because it is there alone that they make a profession of politics. They have nothing else to do, or nothing that they choose to do; and at the North we become more familiar with the names of Southern representatives from their continual repetition in the newspapers, than we ever do with our own, who rarely go to Washington a second time. At the North men are elected representatives by accident; at the South it is different; there they play on one string, and find their account in it. Nobody can afford to twang on one chord, or blow one note long, here. The lawyer is writing sermons, the divine is preaching politics, the merchant is delivering lectures, the artist has turned philosopher, the mechanic is talking about agriculture, the jobber speculating in real estate, and the farmer dabbling in stocks, instead of improving his stock. Everybody must become acquainted with every other body's business. This all happens from people engaging in business with their hands alone, as some people marry, and then try for a divorce, and not with their hearts.

Hazlitt wrote an essay on the ignorance of the learned, which sounds paradoxical. But the learned always must be ignorant on subjects which they do not perfectly understand. It is the smatterer only who knows a little of everything—is well instructed in nothing. Nobody need be ashamed of his ignorance; in truth, ignorance is highly creditable, provided always that one knows something thoroughly. But it is the prevailing fashion in society for everybody to resemble a "Conversations Lexicon," one of those pestiferous inventions for promoting shallowness among mankind, and be always ready to go off like a revolving rifle.

Men who take their degrees at colleges are often reproached by your many-string performers with knowing nothing but book-learning, which is generally true enough; but then what they do know they know well, and so they contrive to gather a good many of the honors which the world bestows upon its favorites.

There seems to be a fear among us that something or other in the great plan of our economy will be neglected; and men are continually busying themselves about other people's affairs, to the manifest disadvantage of their own. But it is very certain that, among our twenty millions, there are people enough to attend to every department, and the true way to discharge one's public duty, is to see that one thing is well done. The banker may confine himself to his desk in perfect security that the butcher and baker will furnish his food if they are only let alone; the artist may stick to his studio, and the cobbler to his last, without any fears for the future; the farmer and the tailor will see that there is no lack of food and raiment. The greatest famine ever known in France was when the National Convention undertook to supply the people with bread; and they have just abandoned the corn laws in England because they found that taking such especial care to supply the people food had brought them to a state of starvation. Take no heed of what others are doing, but be sure to do something yourself; then you may grow like the lilies of the valley, and be as well cared for.

I knew a merchant a few years since, who was in continual tribulation about public affairs, who used to spend a good many hours in writing essays, which he would sign "Humanitas," or "Philo"-something, and send to a morning paper, which had the cruel courtesy to print them. Public affairs continued as usual, but his private affairs soon got into a dreadful condition, and he failed, and began to talk about his misfortunes. But his great misfortune was, attempting to play on more than one string.

It is really refreshing to mix with very humble people, who earn their living by practising one art exclusively; what they know they know so clearly. Crispin, who sticks to his last, is an admirable critic compared with some multifarious geniuses who stick at nothing. A statesman of some note, who has filled an important diplomatic office, in his outset in life kept a small school in a rural district in Pennsylvania, where he fell in love with a daughter of the village barber, and proposed to marry her. The girl's mother flared up at the proposal, and flatly refused her consent. Her friends, thinking that the schoolmaster's occupation—which has never been held in very high esteem in the Keystone State—was the cause of her opposition, remonstrated with her, and said, "Who knows but the schoolmaster will be a merchant one of these days?" "Oh, it is n't that," replied the worthy lady; "I could get over his profession, but he is such a fool!" And a fool he was to her, and by continuing to be a fool he got to be an ambassador.

Macaulay says, that to become a great poet you must first become a little child; which is contrary to the popular opinion, it being thought requisite even for a very small poet to be a monster of erudition. But the critic is right; only he might have said, that to be great in anything you must be a little child, single-minded and pure-hearted; or in other words, a performer on one string. Poets in the "cotton trade and sugar line," are very doubtful hybrids; their credit is as bad on 'change as on Parnassus.

There are many striking instances on record of success achieved by one-string players of very feeble powers. We read not long since, in the obital corner of a newspaper, the account of a person's decease who was spoken of as "an eminent and well-known theatrical wig maker." There are few persons who could have looked for fame while making theatrical wigs. But here was a gentleman who, by constancy, and "strict attention to business," had become "eminent and well-known." Perhaps he had made investments in stocks, and owned a crimson pew in some fashionable Gothic church. Arkwright, again, not finding his tonsorial duties to his mind, very properly left off making wigs, and took to making machinery; and by sticking to that business, gained a fortune and a title, and a place among the immortals.

Perhaps the most remarkable instance of success crowning the efforts of a very humble pursuit was that of Boswell, who immortalized himself as a toady. He confined his whole soul to one string, and never forgot himself for the space of half a second. He stuck to his one string with a devotedness worthy—we were going to say of a better object—but it was well enough; by sticking to it he made it an object to him. Macaulay, who said so sensible a thing just now about poets, wrote an ill-natured review-article to prove him a fool for his pains. But Boswell knew perfectly well what he was doing, and he defended his foolishness with the eloquence of a man "terribly in earnest," as they say. Mr. Macaulay certainly forgot this passage in the Hebridean tour, when he wrote his searching review of Mr. Croker:

"My fellow-traveller and I, (*Johnson.*) talked of going to Sweden," says Boswell; "and while we were settling our plan I expressed a pleasure in the prospect of seeing the king. Johnson said: 'I doubt, Sir, if he would speak to us.' (*Mark the modesty of Ursus Major, who never thought of the king, because he was a king himself, and not a toady.*) Col. Macleod said: 'I am sure Mr. Boswell would speak to him.' (*Of course he would; 't was his business.*) Here let me add," continues the immortal toady, "a short defence of that propensity (*toadying*) in my disposition to which this gentleman alluded. It has procured me much happiness. I hope it does not deserve so hard a name as forwardness or impudence. If I know myself, it is nothing more than an eagerness to share the society of men distinguished either by their rank or their talents, and a diligence to attain what I desire. If a man is praised for seeking knowledge, though mountains and seas are in his way, may he not be pardoned whose ardor in the pursuit of the same object leads him to encounter difficulties as great?" Of course he may be pardoned and praised too. This passage lets a flood of light upon the mysterious meanness of Boswell's character. He was a toady upon heroic principles. He played on his one string with a prophetic eye to the renown of his performance.

"Act well your part" is superfluous advice; you will be sure to act your part well if it *is* your part. All the danger lies in attempting to act a part which belongs to another.

From Chambers' Journal.

"SIX MONTHS AT GRAEFENBERG."

This is a somewhat curious production,* purporting to be an account of a water-cure performed by the celebrated Priessnitz, and we bring it under the notice of our readers, in order that they may know something of this modern heresy in therapeutics. The author, Mr. H. C. Wright, a devout believer in the water-cure, is, we presume, a citizen of the United States, where, as well as in England and Scotland, he has spent twelve years in making addresses to the public, for the promotion of Sunday Schools, Teetotalism, Anti-Slavery, and Peace; from which we may understand that he is an enthusiast in carrying out to a practical issue the theories and opinions which he adopts. Besides lecturing on the above topics, Mr. Wright tells us that for fifteen years he had drunk nothing but cold water; no alcoholic liquors, fomented or distilled, no tea, no chocolate, no warm drink of any kind, had passed his lips during that time; neither had he indulged in tobacco in any form. He had further been exposed to great extremes of heat and cold, from 100° above, to 10° below zero, (Fahrenheit,) by night and by day, by land and by sea. For the sake of invigoration, he accustomed himself to bathe and wash himself in cold water every morning. Notwithstanding all these precautions, his labors affected his lungs, and for three years he took great care of himself, by using flannel next the skin, fur or wool mufflers round the neck, besides otherwise averting the effects of cold. All would not do; medical advisers said his lungs were ulcerated; he had a dry and painful cough; and, in short, he was in a very bad way. Thus knocked up in health, he bethinks himself of proceeding to Graefenberg, in Silesia, there to put himself under the care of Priessnitz, the originator and head of the water-cure system.

He arrived at Graefenberg on the 9th of January, 1844, along with two companions, and, as the main building was full, he got an apartment in a neighboring house. "We were," says he, "to pay three and a half florins, or seven shillings British, per week, for the use of the room, and for firewood, until the 1st of March; at which season the increased demand for lodgings, occasioned by the greater influx of guests, generally raises the rent of the lodgings. Our room was furnished with a tile stove, which was of course a fixture; three deal bedsteads, which were simply oblong boxes on legs, without hangings above or below; a sofa, covered with leather; a small mirror; a clumsy washing apparatus of coarse earthenware; with tables, chairs, chests of drawers, made of unpainted deal. The furniture in all the lodging-houses is of the very simplest construction. We engaged a badediener, or bath-man, to take care of our room, make our fire, and attend us in our baths, for one florin or two shillings per week. We then hired our beds and bedding by the week, purchased blankets, sheets, and bandages, and bespoke our board in the saloon, or great dining-hall in Priessnitz's establishment, for which we were each to pay nine shillings per week.

"As I shall have frequent occasion to speak of the saloon, which is the great centre of re-union, gossip, and social intercourse for the cure-guests, I may as well describe it here. The saloon is a large and lofty room, about one hundred and twenty feet long, forty feet wide, and twenty-five feet high. It is plainly ceiled, and the walls are whitewashed. In the centre of the west end is the entrance-door, over which is the orchestra for the musical performers at the dinners on Sunday, and at the entertainments occasionally given by the guests. The east end, opposite to the entrance, is furnished with a portrait of the Emperor, and is lighted by four windows in two rows, one above the other. There are also two rows of eight windows each on the south, and two rows of four windows each on the north side. The end of the saloon next the door is occupied with rows of plain deal tables, extending about half way down the length of the room, at which the guests take their meals. These can be laid out to accommodate three hundred guests, but the greatest number who sat down together during my stay did not exceed two hundred. Priessnitz presides at the first of these tables, and it is here that he is generally consulted by such of his patients as board in the saloon. The lower end of the room below the tables is surrounded by sofas, and furnished with several large mirrors, and with a piano. The vacant space between the sofas and the ends of the tables, as well as the space between and around the tables, is used as a lounge and promenade. The saloon is hung round with the flags of fifteen different nations, which have sent patients to Graefenberg. Nowhere will you find a greater variety of character within a small space, than in the saloon at Graefenberg. Attracted thither in search of health from all parts of Christendom, upwards of one hundred individuals sit down to table daily, and the diversity of language, costume, complexion, and manners, may be imagined. Materials for romance, and subjects of absorbing interest to the observer of human nature, lie thickly around you in this little republic—this pure democracy in the midst of a pure despotism. The patients looked so healthy, and ate so heartily, that our first impression was, that there must be some mistake, and that these persons could not be on the sick list. We supped amongst them on the evening of our arrival, and made our arrangements to have an interview with Priessnitz on the following day."

Priessnitz having examined him, and given directions to his badediener, or attendant, how he should be treated, the process of cure commences. It was on the 12th of January, when the thermometer was nearly at zero, that the first movement was made. "All my flannels were laid aside; my silk, cotton, worsted, and fur mufflers were thrown off. I was ordered two leintuchs (wet sheets) daily, one at five in the morning, the other at five in the evening, with a cold bath after each. At first, for about a week, I took the abgeschrecktebad (tepid shallow bath) instead of the cold bath, after the leintuch. At 11 a. m. I had a sitzbad (sitting bath) for fifteen minutes. I wore the umschlag (a damp bandage covered by a dry one) round my body, and changed it four times a day. Every morning, before breakfast, be the weather ever so inclement, I walked four, six, or sometimes eight miles, and drank six or eight tumblers of cold water. I also took a walk after the sitzbad and evening leintuch, to excite reaction. This treatment lasted for three months. I afterwards took the douche or waterfall bath once a day, and instead of the evening leintuch and cold bath, two abreibungs (wet-sheet baths) at intervals of an hour."

This perpetual wrapping in wet sheets, rubbing, plunging into ice-cold baths, and exposure in all weathers, was trying, and sometimes painful—the very thoughts of the cold-plunge bath, when lying in bed in the morning, being horror; but the effects were not of the deadly kind, which might have been anticipated. "From the first," continues our author, "I found the cure exceedingly stimulating. The various external and internal applications of cold water, the out-door exercise and pure air, which in my walks I allowed to circulate about my neck, throat, and chest as much as possible, had, during the first three months, a most invigorating effect. A rash appeared upon my neck, chest, and shoulders, and around my body under the umschlag, and was rather annoying, from the burning and itching which it occasioned. My cough ceased; I had a voracious appetite; I found that my breathing grew deeper, stronger, and easier, and that I could climb the mountains more rapidly, and with less panting.

"But a painful change was at hand. About the first of April all my joints, and especially my knees, began to grow stiff, sore, and weak; walking became painful; and after sitting a few moments, I found it difficult to straighten my knees. I became gloomy and disheartened, but was assured by those about me that these were favorable symptoms, being evidences that the cure was taking effect. The whole surface of my body, even my hands and face, became very sensitive to the touch of cold water. It seemed as if my nerves were laid bare. I had a perfect horror of cold water—a kind of hydrophobia. As the spring advanced, and the weather grew milder, but damper, the cure became more intolerable. I found the damp weather of April and May far worse than the cold of January and February. I became afflicted with acute and throbbing pain in my teeth, jaws, and face, for which I was directed to rub the back of my head, and my neck and face, with my hands wet in cold water. I was also ordered to rub my knees frequently in the same way. This was the crisis; and for some weeks I was as miserable as the most enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure could desire. Indeed I was often congratulated on my misery, which was regarded as the prelude to a speedy cure. At the close of April I had boils on my arms, hands, fingers, and chin, and nearly all over my body. They suppurated and discharged; and during the month of May they all healed; and none have since appeared." And so the cure was completed. While it was going on, "nothing surprised me more than the perfect safety with which I cast away my comfortable warm flannels and mufflers. A terrible cold upon my lungs, and an increase of cough, were the least that I expected; but I was agreeably disappointed. In my walks, for three months, I had no hat or cap on my head, no handkerchief around my neck, not even my shirt collar buttoned. My clothes have often been completely drenched with snow and rain, and my hair filled with snow; but I have not had the slightest cold upon my lungs, nor any which a leintuch or one night's rest has not cured. My only remedy has been to take an abreibung, and put on dry clothes, on returning to my room to take off my wet clothes. This simple process has not only saved me from taking cold, but also from the effects of over exertion. * * * I went to Graefenberg resolved to submit implicitly to Priessnitz's directions. I did so, and was restored to health. I am certain that my long abstinence from all alcoholic and warm drinks, and my disuse of tobacco in all its modes, and of medical drugs, have been powerful aids to my recovery. If any one will make cold water his only beverage, and abstain entirely from the use of medicine, he will find the water-cure sufficient to cure any disease that may assail him; if it be not absolutely incurable, and if he be determined to persevere in whatever process may be requisite for his recovery. But whoever expects to find health by the water-cure while wrapped up in flannels, and lounging in easy chairs, and on sofas, in a warm, air-tight room, without personal exertion and activity, will certainly be disappointed; for persevering exercise in the pure fresh air is an essential element of the cure."

We have thus let our enthusiastic admirer of the water-cure tell his own story, excluding only the details of the different steps in the process, for which we must refer to the work itself. It appears to us that the success of such remedies is in a great measure traceable to what ordinary medical men too frequently neglect—attention to air, exercise, amusement, and diet; or, more properly, the development of the natural powers and functions of the system, some of which, in the ordinary circumstances of an artificial existence, are dormant, or almost extinguished. Why, in therapeutics, there should be so little insisted on in the way of general re-invigoration, by recalling nature to her post, and so much done by the artificial stimulus of medicines, is more than we can understand, unless it be that the duty of prescribing and charging for drugs is a much more easy one than that of studying a man's whole constitution, and giving him rules for keeping it in health. Perhaps, however, the medical profession is not alone to blame. In England and the United States there is a fanatical love of medicine, and men often resort to them as an off-hand mode of cure, having, or thinking they have, no time for more deliberate, though more natural and effectual measures.

Priessnitz, whose proceedings are so much at variance with those of the medical world, is not a physician, neither is he an educated man, and we are informed he is seldom seen with a book in his hand. He writes no prescriptions; all his directions are verbal, and given to the attendants in whose hands he places his patients. Priessnitz, in fact, is nothing more than a German peasant, or small farmer; a man with much shrewdness, who studies nature only, and probably never read a book on medicine in his life. Visited by hosts of people, many doubtless with imaginary complaints, and others laboring under the effects of intemperance, late hours, and other excesses of various kinds, he seems to set about restoring the abnormal pith of the constitution by some simple modes of treatment. How far the application of water, internal or external, has a direct curative effect, we cannot pretend to say; but we entertain no doubt that many would recover at home, without water in any extraordinary style of application, if they would refrain from certain indulgences, put away cankering cares, and take plenty of exercise in the open air daily.

In the establishment of Graefenberg there appears to be a studied absence of comfort. Much of the time of the patients is occupied in walking among the hills, drinking water at every spring they pass, and also in hard, out-door labor. Sawing wood appears to be one of the occupations most generally admired and followed; many work in the fields; and others, ladies as well as gentlemen, may be seen carrying grass on their backs to the cows. In the evenings, after an early supper, all enjoy themselves with in-door amusements, among which dancing to a band of music is the principal. Ladies, who in the morning were working with bare heads and arms in the fields, are now dressed in white gowns, kid gloves, and satin slippers, and going through the mazes of the dance with counts, barons, and captains. In winter, when field-labor is at a stand, sledging is a common recreation; and when tired of this gleesome and rough sport, there are always billiards and other games. "Concerts are occasionally given in the saloon by some of the guests, at which they sing, play upon the piano and violin, and sometimes read extracts from English, German, French, and Italian authors."

Labor, exercise, and amusement, are thus parts of the cure; and one would almost be inclined to think that a considerable degree of petty discomfort was also indispensable. The buildings are homely, and the accommodations to the last degree mean.—"There are no bed-chambers for the servants. The badedieners, both male and female, sleep on the floor in the passages, on straw or in blankets, as the case may be. In going to the baths, both men and women must descend the same public stairs, and thread the same public passages, enveloped in sheets and blankets. One can hardly pass through the establishment at certain times of the day, without meeting guests of all conditions, ages, and sexes, going to or from the baths in this strange attire. The cow-houses and stabling belonging the Priessnitz, being under the same roof with the saloon, the offensive exhalations from them are a continual source of annoyance and disgust when the doors of these offices are open, which is frequently the case. Indeed, nothing can exceed the discomfort of the whole arrangement, as Englishmen count comfort. Then the work inside is all of the plainest and rudest kind; no painting, no papering, no carpets, no English snuggeries whatever."

The presiding genius of this half cow-house half dwelling-house, seems by no means underpaid for his services. "I should suppose," continues our author, "that his income, from the weekly rent of his rooms in that part of those houses in Graefenberg which belong to him, amounts to about £1,500 per annum. Then there are at least one hundred guests boarding in the saloon the year round, at four florins thirty-eight kreutzers each, or rather more than nine shillings per week. It is said that the thirty-eight kreutzers are expended in keeping the walks and fountains in order, and that Priessnitz receives the remaining four florins, which, for one hundred guests, comes to something more than £2,000 per annum. This, added to the receipts for lodgings, amounts to £3,500. Then we must add four shillings per week as his fee from each guest, which, at an average of 500 guests, amounts to £200 [in reality £100] per week, or £10,000 [£5,000] per annum, and forms a grand total of £12,500 [£8,500] per annum. So that, allowing for the expenses of the establishment, Priessnitz cannot have less than £8,000 [possibly £3,500] of clear annual income."

Our author protests against the assumption that Priessnitz is a charlatan—merely operating for the sake of gain. He describes him as invariably commanding the respect, and winning the affections, of his patients. The Austrian Government, however, views his establishment with great jealousy, and would willingly seize on any excuse for putting him down. A register is kept by the police of all the patients who are and have been under Priessnitz's care, recording their names, the places from which they come, and the number of deaths. Mr. Wright was informed that about 10,000 individuals had taken the water-cure at Graefenberg since the opening of the establishment, and that only twenty had died. "What medical doctor," he adds, "could point to so small a number of deaths in proportion to the extent of his practice?" If this statement really be consistent with facts, (and we do not see any reason to doubt it,) the system of Priessnitz ought certainly to engage the careful consideration of the medical profession, with a view to testing its merits.

We take leave of Mr. Wright, with thanks for the amusement we have had in perusing his volume, much of which, including some of the doctrines he propounds on general subjects, we do not agree with; but we give him credit for sincerity, and for that still more rare quality in the present age, and honesty in announcing his convictions.

* In one vol. London: Charles Gilpin. 1845.

From the New Orleans Delta.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The beauties of our criminal code were yesterday illustrated by the execution of the slave Pauline. The prisoner conducted herself with the usual indifference—and the mob of 10,000 who assembled to witness the scene, departed from the ground with the usual moral purification consequent upon the great lesson which had been taught them. Men, *women*, and children—mulattoes, free negroes, and slaves—were there, and from the rude jokes that were interchanged, and the loud laughter and happy looks of most, we are led to doubt whether any theatre or circus could have afforded a more agreeable entertainment. Of the number of pockets picked, and the quantity of whisky consumed, we cannot at present speak, not having full information on these ordinary but important occurrences, but we presume that many circumstances tending to throw light on the matter will soon be elicited by our criminal tribunals.

Some persons, pretending to more sense than their neighbors, have had the hardihood to inveigh, in no gentle terms, against what they call this display of barbarism, and talk seriously of making an effort to persuade the Legislature to adopt measures to prevent its repetition. We cannot believe that they will succeed. One Edward Livingston, and some others, attempted the same thing some years ago, but they were most signally defeated. The amusement of an execution, and the great moral preaching of the gallows, were too justly appreciated by our rulers, to give them any chance of success; and it would be too much to expect that our modern lawgivers have so far degenerated from the stern virtues of their predecessors to grant what they refused. The Picayune says:

"It was painful, terrible, to see the fearful struggles of the dying woman, for it was several minutes before all was over, as her neck was not broken by the fall, and she died from strangulation. At the expiration of about twenty minutes she was taken in, and pronounced dead by the physician. As she was taken in and the gates were closed, a *sort of ill-suppressed shout rose from a portion of the crowd*, and gradually the whole assembly broke up and went away."

James Duffy, a blacksmith, was killed by a stab with a file in an outskirt of the city a few hours after.

A CARD.

Union of Smith's Weekly Volume and Anglo-American.

The publishers of the Weekly Volume respectfully announce to their friends and patrons that they have made arrangements to incorporate, so far as the publishing department is concerned, the *Weekly Volume* with the *Anglo-American*, published every Saturday, in New-York, by E. L. Garvin & Co. who will commence next week, at the conclusion of *the fifth quarterly part*, and supply their subscribers regularly. The present editors will continue to contribute original articles, such as have appeared in the Journal of Belles Lettres, to the united periodical, which, under the name of the Anglo-American, will contain more reading matter than the Weekly Volume, of a kind to be universally acceptable. It will, moreover, be of nearly the same form, but of twenty-four pages instead of sixteen, and be charged with newspaper postage only. Those subscribers who have paid for this periodical beyond the 1st of April, will be credited by E. L. Garvin & Co. with the amount so overpaid, whether they now take both periodicals or not; or, at their option, they will be repaid for the unexpired time of their subscriptions by presenting their receipts at our office within thirty days from the present date. This arrangement, it is believed, will be satisfactory to all, at the same time that the union of the two periodicals will be found an advantage to the readers of both.

The publishers of the Anglo-American will furnish those subscribers who intimate their intention of continuing one year after their present term has expired, gratuitously, with either of the superb engravings they have already issued, or the one they will issue the ensuing summer. They are—

Washington, mezzotint—issued.
Sir Walter Scott, line engraving—issued.
Nelson and Wellington, mezzotint—forthcoming:

All of which can be sent by Mail.

New-York, April 9.

NEW LEBANON SPRINGS WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT.

In this place, so long celebrated for the beauty of its scenery, purity of the air, and utility of the water, is now instituted a Water-Cure Infirmary; which, from the above considerations, promises to be of the greatest importance to the afflicted, and to persons wishing to spend a season in the country for the purpose of recruiting the energies of the system, after a time of illness or hard labor. The beauty of the scenery and salubrity of the air, is not often excelled in any country. The water is abundant and of all temperatures, from ice cold to 72 degrees Fahrenheit Ther. The mountain springs have been tested by the celebrated chemists, Dr. Chilton, of New-York, and Professor Avery, of Hamilton College, and pronounced perfectly pure and soft. The various baths, as Plunge, Shower, Douche, Hose, Fountain, Eye & Ear, Cold or Warm, are so constructed, as to be comfortable, inviting, and easy of access by invalids at all times. The rooms are so warmed as to render them perfectly comfortable even in the coldest weather. Persons afflicted with either acute or chronic diseases, have much to induce them to visit this establishment. The water treatment has been particularly successful in the following complaints: Rheumatism, either acute or chronic, Gout, incipient stages of Consumption, Dispepsia or Indigestion, with its train of symptoms, as Headache, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Jaundice, &c. It removes nervous affections, and the various forms of Fever, as Typhus, Bilious, and Intermitting. It acts like a charm in all eruptive diseases, as Small-pox, Measles, Scarlet Fever, &c. All scrofulous complaints, and diseases arising from impurities of the blood, tumors, ulcers fever sores, and boils, are more successfully treated by water than by any system of medicine.

The diet and regimen of patients are strictly attended to, which alone, in most cases of chronic disease, is far better for the patient than any system of drug medication. Suitable medical examination and advice constantly in attendance at the establishment, who will give strict attention to the patients, and point out all necessary changes to facilitate the cure.

Those who feel competent to treat their own cases at home, and want an examination and prescription, can have it at a reasonable expense.

The inhabitants of this vicinity are particularly notified that they